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ALL THE WHILE.

BY ALICE CARY.

The nights they come and the nights they go,
And the rosy twilights round them lie—
And the stars are bright and the stars are sweet,
And I sit in the silence and watch them meet;
But all the while my heart beats low
For the moon is out of my sky!

The seasons come and the seasons go—
Spring so gay, and winter so drear,—
And I sit in the light of the golden hours,
And pick the blushing and beautiful flowers;
But all the while my heart beats low,
For the May is out of my year!

The mornings come and the mornings go—
Yellow and purple, crimson and gray,—
And the milk-maid sings as she calls her cows,
And the farm lad whistles the while he ploughs;
But all the while my heart beats low,
For the lark, the lark is away!

The rain descends, and the gardens grow,
And the cammomile makes green her bed,
And the bushes are full as bushes can hold,
Of bells of silver and globes of gold;
But all the while my heart beats low,
For the rose, the rose, she is dead!

The tides they ebb and the tides they flow,
And the sun shines more than the storm can frown,
And the ships with their white sails flowing free
Like a forest of silver cover the sea;
And all the while my heart beats low,
For the one good ship gone down!

NORWOOD;
OR
VILLAGE LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

Since the introduction of railways, thousands of curious travellers, every summer, have thronged New England, have seen its manufacturing villages, and admired its general thrift. But those who know its scenery only by the river valleys, know little of it; and those who have seen its people only in cities, are little acquainted with New-England character.

Men s[illegible] Yankee character, as if there was but [illegible] type which pervaded New England. It is true, that there are some few marks which New-England men have in common. But the differences are greater than the likenesses. No-where else in the nation are men so differentiated. The loose structure of Southern society gave to its citizens an appearance of greater personal freedom; and in the great Western States various causes have produced far more freedom of manners, and more frankness and spontaneous geniality. Yet it will be found that neither in the South, nor in the West, is there so large a proportion of the population which is original, contrasted, and individualized in taste, manners and opinions, as in New England. If we should employ a scientific method, and speak of a Western genus, and a Southern genus, and a Middle State genus, then it will be found, that none, nor all, are so rich in *species*, as the genus New England.

The scenery of New England is picturesque rather than grand. Scarcely any other excursion could be planned which would so well fill a summer vacation, as one which, winding leisurely up through the western portions of Connecticut, of Massachusetts, and of Vermont, reached a climax at St. Albans, on the eastern shore of Lake Champlain; a place in the midst of greater variety of scenic beauty than any other that I remember in America. On the east rise the successive masses of the White Mountains, seemingly close at hand; on the west is Lake Champlain, swarming with green islands, and beyond its waters, westward, rise the Adirondacs, not in chains or single peaks, but in vast broods, a promiscuous multitude of forest-clothed mountains. On the north is scooped out in mighty lines the valley of the St. Lawrence; and, in clear days, the eye may spy the faint glimmer of Montreal.

Such a ride from New Haven to St. Albans, from Long Island Sound to Lake Champlain, can scarcely be matched for the charms of its scenery, the number and beauty of its villages, for the general intelligence and culture of its people, for the universal thrift following universal industry, and for crisp originalities of character.

The maritime population of New England is very unlike all the rest. The foreign element has greatly modified society. Commerce and manufacturing have worn away many of the primitive New England traits; and the wealth and refinement of the cities have to some extent overlaid the peculiar New England element by a cosmopolitan gilding. The remote neighborhoods and hill-towns yet retain the manners, morals, institutions, customs and religion of the fathers. The interior villages of New England are her brood-combs.

Our simple story of domestic life will take us to a point intermediate between the rugged simplicity of mountain towns and the easier life of the cities.

A traveller going north from Springfield, in Massachusetts, soon perceives before him an abrupt barrier, running east and west, which, if compared with the country on either side, might be called mountainous. The two western-most summits are Mount Tom and Mount Holyoke. By a narrow passage between them comes through the Connecticut river. Passing between these hill-mountains, we enter a great valley or basin, some twelve miles wide and thirty long, which one might easily imagine to have been once a lake; the Pelham hills on the east, Sugar-loaf on the north, and the Holyoke range on the south, forming barriers on three sides, while its waters on the west were stayed by the slopes of those hills, which, in the middle of western Massachusetts, are all that remain of the famous Green Mountains.

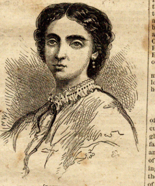
Look with my eyes, good reader, upon the town of Norwood, that, refusing to go down upon the fat bottom-lands of the Connecticut, daintily perches itself upon the irregular slopes west, and looks over upon that transcendent valley from under its beautiful shade trees, and you will say that no fairer village glistens in the sunlight, or nestles under arching elms! It is a wonder that Norwood was ever allowed to venture so near to the low grounds of the Connecticut; for it was early settled, not far from thirty years after the Pilgrims' landing. How the temptation to build upon the top of the highest hill was resisted, we know not!

Did the New England settler alight upon hill tops, like a sentinel, or a hawk upon the topmost bough, to spy danger at its first appearing? Or had he some unconscious sense of the poetic beauty of the scriptural city set upon a hill—some Jerusalem, lifted up, and seen from afar, in all its beauty? Or was he willing to face the sturdy winds of New-England hill tops, rather than to take the risk of malaria in the softer air of her valleys? Whatever the reason, the chosen spot in early days seems to have been a high and broad-backed hill, where the summer came last, and departed earliest; where, while it lingered, it was purest and sweetest; where winter was most austere, and its winds roared among the trees, and shook the framed houses, with such awful grandeur, that children needed nothing more to awaken in their imagination the great Coming Judgment, and the final consuming storms, when the earth should be shaken and pass away!

Norwood, a town of five thousand inhabitants, like hundreds of other New England towns, had in a general and indistinct way an upper, middle and lower class. A wholesome jealousy of their rights, and a suspicion among the poor that wealth and strength always breed danger to the weak, made the upper class—who were ranked so by their wealth, by their superior culture, and by the antiquity of their families in town—politically weaker than any other.

The middle class comprised the great body of the people, all dependent upon their skill and activity for a living, and all striving to amass property enough to leave their families at their death in independent circumstances.

The lower class of a New-England village is chiefly composed of the hangers-on—those who are ignorant and imbecile, and especially those who, for want of moral health, have sunk, like sediment, to the bottom. Perhaps nowhere in the world can be found more unlovely wickedness—a malignant, bitter, tenacious hatred of good—than in New England. The good are very good, and the bad are very bad. The high moral tone of public sentiment, in many New-England towns, and its penetrating and almost inquisitorial character, either powerfully determines men to good, or chafes and embitters them. This is especially true when, in certain cases, good men are so thoroughly intent upon public morality that the private individual has scarcely any choice left. Under such a pressure some men act in open wickedness out of spite, and some secretly; and the bottom of society wages clandestine war with the top.

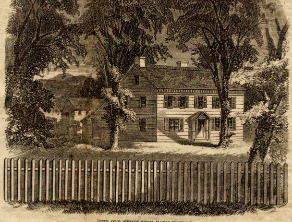


[RACHEL LISCOMB.]

But, fortunately for Norwood, the public sentiment, though strong and high in moral tone, had been, by peculiar influences, so tempered with kindness, that, far less than in surrounding places, was there a class of fierce castaways at the bottom.

The main street of Norwood was irregular, steadily seeking higher ground to its extreme western limit. It would have had no claims to beauty had it not been rich in the peculiar glory of New England—its Elm-trees! No town can fail of beauty, though its walks were gutters, and its houses hovels, if venerable trees make magnificent colonnades along its streets. Of all trees, no other unites, in the same degree, majesty and beauty, grace and grandeur, as the American Elm! Known from north to south, through a range of twelve hundred miles, and from the Atlantic to the head waters of the rivers which flow into the western side of the Mississippi, yet, in New England, we find the elm in its greatest size and beauty, fully justifying Michaux's commendation of it to European cultivators, as "the most magnificent vegetable of the Temperate Zone." Though a lover of moisture and richness, the elm does not flourish so well upon pure vegetable soils as on intervale lands, stronger in mineral ingredients than river meadows.

Single spots, finer than any in New England, there may be in other lands, but such a series of villages over such a breadth of country, amidst so much beauty of scenery, enriched, though with charming and inexpensive simplicity, with so much beauty of garden, yard, and dwelling, cannot elsewhere be found upon the globe. No man has seen America, who has not become familiar with the villages of New England and the farms of the North-western States. Yet every one will confess that a large part of this scenic beauty of New England is contributed by trees—and particularly by the elm. The Elms of New England! They are as much a part of her beauty as the columns of the Parthenon were the glory of her architecture!



[THE OLD TEMPLETON FARM-HOUSE.]

Their towering trunks, whose massiveness well symbolizes Puritan inflexibility; their over-arching tops, facile, w[illegible] and elastic, hint the endless pl[illegible] adaptableness of this people;—and both [illegible], form a type of all true manhood, broad at the root, firm in the trunk, and yielding at the top, yet returning again, after every impulse, into position and symmetry. What if they were sheered away from village and farm house? Who would know the land? Farm houses that now stop the tourist and the artist, would stand forth bare and homely; and villages that coquette with beauty through green leaves, would shine white and ghastly as sepulchres. Let any one imagine Conway or Lancaster without elms! Or Hadley, Hatfield, Northampton, or Springfield! New Haven without elms would be like Jupiter without a beard, or a lion shaved of his mane!

And so, reader, as one loves to approach a mansion through an avenue of elms, we have led you through a short discourse of trees, to our homely story.

CHAPTER II.

BIAH CATHCART.

Abiah Cathcart was an honorable specimen of a New-England farmer. Any one accustomed to judge of men would see at a glance that he did not belong to that class o farmer-drudges, who tease Nature for a living, and make up for intelligent skill and knowledge of their business by an insatiable and tormenting industry. He thought out his work, and then worked out his thoughts. He was a man of great bodily strength; of calmness and patience, joined to an inflexible will. His face accurately recorded his nature. It was large-framed, not mobile, but clear and open in expression; it exhibited more of goodness and wisdom, than of feeling or imagination. Had he been clothed in the habiliments and seated on the bench of a court, every one would have said, "He looks every inch a judge."

He received from his parents a healthy body, a sound judgment, habits of industry, a common school education, and besides, nothing;—save their good name and wholesome example. In all his boyhood, and till he was eighteen years old, he had probably never altogether had five dollars of "spending-money" from his father. He used to tell his own boys, afterward, with some quiet pride, that he had never spent for mere pleasure a single dollar which he had not himself earned by hard work. He believed it to be almost immoral to spend property which had not been seasoned by one's own toil or skill. He used to say that pleasure was wholesome and indispensable when one had earned a right to it, but that amusement got for nothing relaxed a man and demoralized him.

When he was eighteen years old, Cathcart bought his time of his father for two hundred dollars. These were considered very liberal terms in those days. A son's services for three years before his majority were no small part of the working capital of a small farm.

Being master of his time, he considered and made an inventory of his goods and properties. First, there was a good stout body, six feet high and well developed; a face and head that an honest man need not be ashamed to carry through the world. Next, he had a suit of new woolen clothes, and one old suit; six pairs of woolen stockings, which his mother's own hands had knit from wool which grew, under his own eye, on his father's flock; a pair of new thick boots for Sundays, an everyday pair, an axe, a brave heart—honest and steadfast; this was all that he carried out of his father's house. No! He carried likewise his father's blessing,—unspoken, but not the less real; and his mother's prayers, silent and gentle, but which could never miss the road to the throne of all bounty!

Life was before him. He did not waver an hour as to his plans. He was a farmer's son, he knew how to work, and by work he meant to thrive. His vision of success was not extravagant—a homestead and a family; and property to support and educate his children until they should be old enough to take care of themselves. This was the measure of his dream.

This ought not to seem difficult. And it would not be, in new regions where land may be had for a nominal price, and where the climate prolongs the summer, while it straitens the winter within narrow bounds. But in old New England, in the neighborhood of large towns, where land is expensive, summers short, winters long, and the soil not indulgent, yielding its moderate crops to coercion rather than to coaxing, it is not easy for a man who has only his own hands for a capital to buy a farm, stock it, earn upon it the means of paying for it, and at the same time to support a growing family.

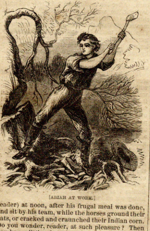
This did Abiah Cathcart by intelligent industry and sturdy perseverance. Not a thing did he ever get by craft. And who shall blame his honest pride, afterward, when he was wealthy, that he had created his own fortune? Wealth created without spot or blemish is an honest man's peerage; and to be proud of it is his right. It is not the empty pride of money, but pride of skill, of patience, of labor, of perseverance, and of honor, which wrought and secured the wealth!

When he left his father's house he hired out at teaming, twelve dollars a month and found. Cathcart had this sign of a sound nature—that he loved a horse. His employer gave him some discretion in buying and selling; and soon, by purchase and exchange, Cathcart had made up the best team in the neighborhood. Nothing went over the road that everybody stared at more than his horses. It pleased him to see men pull up, look over the horses, and exclaim:

"That's a team for you! I say, mister, will you sell those horses?"

He was pleased almost every day. His horses were moderately large but compact, and the very models of strength. Look at them! The fine ear, the clean and finished look of their heads, and, above all, the large, lively eyes that easily change expression, and you will see that they have nerve as well as muscle. If you doubt, you should see them when a heavy load threatens to stall them, the rousing, the excitement, the prodigious swell of muscles, and, when the load is safely brought up or through, the nervous flash of the eye, and the restless champ upon the bit! He loved their company—loved to feed them—loved to take his book (he was ever and always a reader) at noon, after his frugal meal was done, and sit by his team, while the horses ground their oats, or cracked and craunched their Indian corn. Do you wonder, reader, at such pleasure? Then you know little of some scenes of life. Ask an old Western wagoner, what have been the happiest hours of his life—and he will tell you—

"Well, stranger, I've seen some pretty jolly times. But, for solid comfort, I think I've enjoyed the most when I was laying in my wagon near a creek, and the fire was flickering among the trees, and I was jest goin' to sleep—I think I never heard anything quite so pleasant as my horses, at both ends of the wagon, chankin corn!"



[ABIAH AT WORK.]

His employer died. It being autumn, Cathcart engaged to clear off a piece of mountain wood, and haul it to town, at so much a cord. Doing well at this, the next fall he took a contract for making charcoal, and became almost a hermit in the woods—chopping, piling, and tending the heap; and, until he had completed the job, living in a shanty of his own construction.

In summer, he worked upon the farm, getting fair wages; and thus, in five years, he found himself rich—for he had earned a thousand dollars and won a royal woman's heart.

CHAPTER III.

RACHEL LISCOMB.

Rachel Liscomb, daughter of Deacon Liscomb—tall, slender, straight, with black hair and dark eyes, a brunette—looked at him one day as they walked home from meeting, with a look that he never got over. She was one of the few without gifts of speech, whose bearing and looks are a full equivalent for speech. A farmer's daughter—she was well-practised in work. But a New-England woman, she was of a deep moral nature and reflectively intelligent. One who looked for attractive manners would pass her by unseen. Like a geode, the exterior was homely, the crystals were dark-chambered within.

Upon her rested the thoughts of Abiah Cathcart. She went but little from home, except on Sunday to church, and to the singing-school. But twice had Cathcart visited her father's house, and yet, for a year, when they met, both hid or strove to hide a sensibility of which neither was ashamed, but which each was ashamed to feel without some sign that the other felt it too. Our finer feelings are like the evening primrose, all the sunlight but shuts them closer. And yet, when evening comes and dews are falling, if you will watch, you shall see the twilight with gentle influence unroll them one by one, with visible motion, each blossom throwing forth, as it opens, its offering of delicate odor.

They were walking silently and gravely home one Sunday afternoon, under the tall elms that lined the street for half a mile. Neither had spoken. There had been some little parish quarrel, and on that afternoon the text was, "A new commandment I write unto you, that ye love one another." But, after the sermon was done, the text was the best part of it. Some one said that Parson Marsh's sermons were like the meeting-house—the steeple was the only thing that folks could see after they got home.

They walked slowly, without a word. Once or twice 'Biah essayed to speak, but was still silent. He plucked a flower from between the pickets of the fence, and unconsciously pulled it to pieces, as, with troubled face, he glanced at Rachel, and then, as fearing she would catch his eye, he looked at the trees, at the clouds, at the grass, at everything, and saw nothing—nothing but Rachel. The most solemn hour of human experience is not that of death, but of Life—when the heart is born again, and from a natural heart becomes a heart of Love! What wonder that it is a silent hour and perplexed?

Is the soul confused? Why not, when the divine spirit, rolling clear across the aerial ocean, breaks upon the heart's shore with all the mystery of heaven? Is it strange that uncertain lights dim the eye, if above the head of him that truly loves hover clouds of saintly spirits? Why should not the tongue stammer and refuse its accustomed offices, when all the world—skies, trees, plains, hills, atmosphere, and the solid earth—spring forth in new colors, with strange meanings, and seem to chant for the soul the glory of that mystic Law with which God has bound to himself his infinite realm—the law of Love? Then, for the first time, when one so loves that love is sacrifice, death to self, resurrection, and glory, is man brought into harmony with the whole universe; and like him who beheld the seventh heaven, hears things unlawful to be uttered!

The great Elm trees sighed as the fitful breeze swept their tops. The soft shadows flitted back and forth beneath the walker's feet, fell upon them in light and dark, ran over the ground, quivered, and shook, until sober Cathcart thought that his heart was throwing its shifting network of hope and fear along the ground before him!

How strangely his voice sounded to him as, at length, all his emotions could only say, "Rachel—how did you like the sermon?"

Quietly she answered—

"I liked the text."

"'A new commandment I write unto you, that ye love one another.' Rachel, will you help me keep it?"

At first, she looked down and lost a little color; then, raising her face, she turned upon him her large eyes, with a look both clear and tender. It was as if some painful restraint had given way, and her eyes blossomed into full beauty.

Not another word was spoken. They walked home hand in hand. He neither smiled nor exulted. He saw neither the trees, nor the long level rays of sunlight that were slanting across the fields. His soul was overshadowed with a cloud as if God were drawing near. He had never felt so solemn. This woman's life had been entrusted to him!

Long years—the whole length of life—the eternal years beyond, seemed in an indistinct way to rise up in his imagination. All that he could say, as he left her at the door, was:

"Rachel, this is forever—forever."

She again said nothing, but turned to him with a clear and open face, in which joy and trust wrought beauty. It seemed to him as if a light fell upon him from her eyes. There was a look that descended and covered him as with an atmosphere; and all the way home he was as one walking in a luminous cloud. He had never felt such personal dignity as now. He that wins such love is crowned, and may call himself king. He did not feel the earth under his feet. As he drew near his lodgings, the sun went down. The children began to pour forth, no longer restrained. Abiah turned to his evening chores. No animal that night but had reason to bless him. The children found him unusually good and tender. And Aunt Keziah said to her sister:

"Abiah's been goin' to meetin' very regular for some weeks, and I shouldn't wonder, by the way he looks, if he had got a hope. I trust he aint deceivin' himself."

He had a hope, and he was not deceived; for in a few months, at the close of the service one Sunday morning, the minister read from the pulpit: "Marriage is intended between Abiah Cathcart and Rachel Liscomb, both of this town, and this is the first publishing of the bans." Which notice was duly repeated for two successive Sunday mornings. Then old Uncle Bascom, the town clerk, issued the marriage certificate. Uncle Bascom had been town clerk, the boys used to think, ever since there was a town; so long that that town, without Giles Bascom as clerk, wouldn't be recognized. It was one of the marks, like the meeting-house, the brick store, and Gallup's tavern, by which people knew that this was the town of Dennis.

One day there appeared in the county paper two lines: "*Married:—On ———, at the house of the bride's father, Abiah Cathcart and Rachel Liscomb.*"

What a slender body is that for the world of meaning contained in it!

From the hour of his engagement, Cathcart was a different man. Every faculty was quickened, but most, his moral nature. He marvelled with himself what it should mean. All his life had he honored industry and integrity in thought and example. But all at once these qualities rose before him in a light of beauty which he had never before imagined. Hundreds of sermons had he heard on virtue and piety. But now, without any apparent reason, manliness seemed the only thing worth living for, and truth and purity seemed to him so noble that he strangely hungered for them. Taught from his childhood to reverence God, he felt suddenly opened in his soul a gate of thanksgiving, and through it came also a multitude of thoughts of worship and praise. The world was recreated before his eyes. Nothing before was even beautiful, if judged by his present sensibility. These experiences did not clothe themselves in language, nor work out in ideas and images, for he was of too practical a nature. But they filled him with tenderness and manliness.

As the day drew near of his marriage, he felt a thousand reluctances and scruples. He feared that Rachel might not be happy with him—that it was not worthy in him to take her from the plain comforts of her father's house to the toil and limitation of his struggling lot—that she might be deceived in him, and not always find reason for such love as she now manifested. He looked upon her with reverence, and far greater than before he was admitted to such intimate relations. Her every word was simple, every thought was truth, every feeling pure; and word, thought and feeling moved gently upon him in an atmosphere of love. He worshipped God with reverence. He worshipped Rachel with love; he came to her as one comes to an altar or a shrine. He left her as one who has seen a vision of angels.

Outwardly, and in consonance with the customs of the neighborhood, he was gay and jovial at the wedding; but down deep in his soul he was as solemn, before Rachel, as if God spoke and he listened.

How wondrous are the early days of wedlock, in young and noble souls! How strange are the ways of two pure souls, wholly finding each other out; between whom for days and months is going on that silent and unconscious intersphering of thought, feeling, taste, and will, by which two natures are clasping and twining and growing into each other!

Happy are they who know how, and happy was Cathcart, to bring such wisdom with loving, that selfishness, a poisonous weed, shall die out; and love clothed with reverence shall grow and thrive with power and beauty, all one's life! For, if there be one root in which resides the secret of producing immortal flowers, it is Love.

CHAPTER IV.

STARTING IN LIFE.

After his marriage, 'Biah Cathcart, (as he was familiarly called by his neighbors,) not without much thought and consultation, determined to buy him a farm. After many searchings, and much deliberation, he chose a place of sixty acres, two miles from the goodly town of Norwood. There was, besides, twenty acres of woodland, lying three miles away, mountain lots, as they were called. On the home farm there was an old-fashioned farm-house, of two stories.

But instead of one story additions, in the rear, such as are now built, for kitchen, shed, &c., the rear roof ran from the ridge-pole down nearly to the ground, covering the two stories and the single story with one long slant.

The former occupant had suffered the property to waste. Paint had long since ceased to cover the clapboards on the sides; the roof was patched and cumbered with moss, and the water gutters at the eaves had collected so much of dust and decayed leaves, as to form little patches of soil, out of which grew a fringe of mingled vegetation. Both flowers and weeds, whose seeds had been lodged there by birds, or uplifted by the winds, grew lovingly together, and cast their slender shadows down upon the cornice, like a pencil tracery of arabesques.

It was the day that Dr. Wentworth had been called to see Widow Nance, a mile beyond, that Cathcart took in hand the old house.

"You see, Doctor, that I've got a job here. Old Templeton's liquor bills were so heavy that he couldn't afford paint or putty."

"Make a clean job of it, 'Biah. You'll have to lay these chimney-tops over again; filling and pointing won't do. I suppose you will shift your flower garden, too, from the roof to the ground."

"Flower garden?"

"Yes, poor things," said the doctor, going to the back eaves and standing upon an old wash-bench, where he could look upon the low roof.

"I wish I had this old mossy roof, or one just like it. I am willing to ride a mile out of my way, any time, to see the moss in Peak's ravine, and all along the wood on each side of it. How kind of it to creep over decaying things and cover their homeliness with such a cheerful garment! Did you ever think that in the animal kingdom there was no beauty in death? A crow, a dog or a wounded deer dies, and is soon consumed. They seem to have had their time when alive. But vegetation, with fewer privileges in life, has more comeliness after death. Nobody makes shrouds for trees, and so nature takes care of them and hides them under new life—making beauty do sexton's work, and shroud death with the garments of life. I was over yesterday at the ravine, and found an old tree trunk, half decayed, on and around which was a garden such as no gardener could make. It lay on the edge of the wood; the steam of the brook had kept its mosses, of which I counted many species, in admirable health and color. Ah, it was like a trunk of emerald! Down on the south side, where the leaves had kept them warm all winter, were bloodroot blossoms, white as snow, shooting up in squads, like white troopers mustering for some tournament; and at the upturned roots was a tangle of blackberry vines, as fine in lines as anything that Raffael ever imitated from the ancients, and a great deal more beautiful. Men's eyes make finer pictures, when they know how to use them, than anybody's hands can."

"And so, Doctor, I am to keep this half-acre of a roof, am I, just out of pity to this moss? And what'll become of us when it rains, with this green old sieve letting through enough rain to dampen every room in the house? I see—you want our custom, Doctor! We should soon have moss growing over us, as it is over old Templeton—though by the by, he never suffered when on earth from too much water, I'm thinking! Hiram Beers says he wouldn't touch it when he could get it, and now can't get it when he wants it. Hiram is very hard on old Templeton. He says the old man was so hot, that flowers ought to start early where his grave is."

"What a pity that thrift and sentiment can't compromise matters a little better! It would make any gardener's reputation if he could plant such a little moss-Eden as this. Well, if you choose to be healthy rather than beautiful, you must have your own way. I'll be back in a couple of hours. Widow Nance, poor thing, is about spent! Save me some of the moss—that great patch yonder, with cherry stones heaped along its upper edge."

And with that he carried away his great blue eyes, and white face, wide at the top, but fine and clean cut, though large-featured to the very chin.

"As good sense at the bottom as ever man had," said Cathcart, as the chaise rolled out from under the elm trees, in front of the yard, "and he needs it all too, or his queer notions would run away with him. Rachel says the Doctor's face and presence is better than most doctors' medicine; and it is reviving. I always feel after he's gone as if there was more in everything about me than I had any notion of before, though I can't exactly tell what it is."

It was about two o'clock when Dr. Wentworth returned, and, not seeing Cathcart, he walked under a ragged cherry tree, and stood watching with a kind of sober smile the workmen, inspired with the subtle eagerness which the work of destroying is apt to infuse.

The shingles came down in showers. The light ones whirled and glimmered in the sunlight, and shied out hither and thither all over the yard. Those covered with moss came headlong and thumped the ground at his feet.

"Poor thing, do you know me?" raising a moss-loaded shingle thoughtfully, as if it were alive; and then laughed out as if he had been answered by some unexpected cry.

For a rakeful of shingles had sent a flock of hens in sudden scare toward the barn-yard, while the great golden-speckled rooster drew up with magisterial dignity and called out, "Cut-tark-cut, cut, cut!" Receiving no answer, with a low-crooning noise in his throat, he cocked his eye, first at the doctor, then at the house, as much as to say, "Do you know what's going on here?" And then, letting down his right foot which had been drawn up, in suspense, he pompously moved off to lecture his hens, that were already picking and scratching in the straw, upon the mystery of life.

The doctor drew near the now cast-away gutter, and stooping, plucked two or three of the weeds, and putting them under his hat-band, laid down his hat on the well-stone, while he unrolled the ricketty old windlass and sent down the remnants of a bucket for water. It was an old-fashioned well, of mysterious depth. If you looked down its narrow and dark throat, you saw nothing. If you still looked, and dropped a pebble down, a faint light was reflected from the crinkling water far below. For four or five feet at the top, the stones were lined with moss. Up, after long winding, came the bucket, spurting out its contents on every side, and filling the well with a musical splashing sound, reserving hardly enough, at last, to serve for a good drink. "Well, 'Biah, I understand the old proverb—truth is at the bottom of the well. If I was to go down after the water, very likely there is foul air enough down there to put me out like a candle; and if I send a bucket down, the greatest part leaks out before I can reach it. Much work and little truth do men get in the wells they dig now-a-days."

"But come in and see the house."

"I have seen it too often. Wait till you have lived awhile here and changed every association. I shall see the terrible sight that I witnessed when old Templeton had *delirium tremens*. He yelled and moaned by turns, saw men and devils after him, and died more horribly than any other creature that I ever saw, and I've seen many. Scour your walls, 'Biah."

Bad as the house was, the grounds were in even worse condition. The barns were utterly dilapidated; the fences were poor; the soil had been fleeced, and scarcely anything that was bad in husbandry had been left untried upon this much-enduring farm.

But this universal deterioration had so depreciated the market value of the place, that Cathcart was enabled to buy it—making a payment of a thousand dollars, and borrowing the rest, with his own time to pay it off. If he had been industrious and frugal before, he was far more so now. What he lacked in capital he must make up in enterprise.

For a year or two the struggle was close. His wife was his equal in industry and frugality. Her patience was never even ruffled. At four in summer and at five in winter, the light blazed on the hearth, and there were sounds in the barn. After the cattle were foddered, and until daylight, he worked at "closing" boots and shoes, earning thus a small addition to his means. At dark the same labor was resumed. This rigid, methodical industry was cheerfully pursued without intermission for years, and, at length, began to produce its results. One by by one each field had been deepened; for Cathcart said: "No farmer owns any deeper than he can plow."

Little by little the near lots were cleared of stone, which re-appeared in stone walls, built with a breadth and accuracy fit for a castle wall, and which at length were carried around the whole farm. The low-lying lots, filled with muck, were drained and reduced to meadows; and acres, which before had been impassable to cattle, except in the driest summer weather, or, when frozen, became solid, and the most productive of all the farm. The number of division fences was greatly reduced, Cathcart believing that far more ground was wasted by fences than any good farmer could afford. The land actually occupied by the fence, the waste each side of it by brambles or weeds, the time consumed in clearing these useless occupants away, if the farmer was neat, Cathcart argued, constituted, in ten years, a heavy tax on industry

In such a climate, in such a soil, and in such a community, a farm will not pay, unless it be made to move with the accuracy of a machine, and with an economy which reaches in to the most minute elements.

Availing himself of Dr. Wentworth's library, he had read the best works on husbandry, and extracted from them enough to guide his practice to a result far beyond that which was common in the neighborhood. Whoever had, at first, criticized the new-fangled farming, no longer doubted its success, when, at length, the farm was clear of debt, and returning no mean revenue.

Here years rolled on, and Cathcart grew to prosperity and into universal respect. Sons and daughters were born to him; with only two of whom, however, shall we have to do—the youngest two—Barton and Alice, who will in due time take their places in our history.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

AN EPIGRAM.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

"Surrounded by beautiful girls,
  As *you* are, Sir Thomas, at present,"
Cried Sue, with a shake of her curls,
  "You must find it exceedingly pleasant!"
"I own it!—my radiant star!"
  Quoth Tom, brimming over with fun,
"But then it were pleasanter far
  To be merely surrounded by *one!*"

MR. BOTHERBOY'S WISH.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

He was very tired, terribly worn out that evening, or he never would have been so—"cross" isn't the word; "snappish" isn't the word—fiendish is nearer. It was his hard, hard day that made him so. There was that excuse for him.

There were a good many hard days in Mr. Botherboy's life, too. He had to work for his bread and butter with his own two hands. He did the work of two, at the salary of one, because, as his employers said, "times were hard." When he was not sitting on a high stool as a clerk, he was standing at the same desk by way of rest. There was a ridiculous superstition that he had time allowed him to go out for lunch. He humored it. As for lunch, it didn't much matter. Mr. Botherboy had fourteen dollars a week, and four children, to say nothing of a wife. The demands of the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker, were as great upon him as upon other men, and no tailor was obliging enough to make his clothes for nothing; besides which, that cormorant, the landlord, came monthly to gobble up a third of his income for two rooms, and two preposterous dark bedrooms, and mortal man cannot lunch for nothing, which was left for that purpose.

Mr. Botherboy took cold meat and bread and butter, when there was any left in his pocket, and after nibbling it behind his desk, went around the block to deceive the public.

There had not been any left, that morning, —any cold meat, of course—and there had been over-work, and a long walk home in the rain, and not an enticing supper. Broiled mackerel is cheap, but not exactly a dainty, and the room seemed more stuffy and low ceilinged, and unlucky Mrs. Botherboy was insane enough to remark that all the children needed new shoes, and Mr. Botherboy was sorely tried. He boxed Sam's ear, and sent Amelia to bed. He shook Augustus and "confounded" the baby, and he said to Mrs. Botherboy:

"Good Heaven, Augusta! how do you contrive to spend so much money? I'm sure the children all had shoes the other day."

And then he went to bed with a headache, and shut himself up in a little dark bed-room, knowing himself to be a brute and wishing he was dead; while Augusta cried over the dish basin as she washed up the tea things, and wondered how he could talk to her of wasting money when she turned her dresses wrong side out, and upside down before she was done with them, and never had a new bonnet, for she made her new ones out of old ones, with fresh strings and flowers.

It was *so* cruel of Botherboy.

He knew [illegible]ell as she did. And there he lay, poor over[illegible]ked fellow, with his head aching, and his le[illegible]aching, and his arms aching, and even in the [illegible]ark his eyes aching, for the black and white [illegible] the ledger and daybook was fast bringing Botherboy to spectacles at five and thirty. And he feeling thus, began to wish that he had never fallen in love with his Augusta, and so fastened himself to a third floor and a family, and butchers' bills and bakers' accounts, and grocers' demands and a landlord.

"Oh, good gracious," groaned Botherboy. "To think of it—and as a bachelor I had only to pay my board, and it was done with. Matches made in Heaven—ha! ha!—not poor ones!"

Then Botherboy turned over, his head getting worse, shut up in the unventilated torture-chamber, supposed to be suitable for the repose of hard-worked New Yorkers, and said again to himself:

"I wish to the deuce I was a bachelor. Only rich men ought to marry. I'd change places with any unmarried man in New York to-night!"

And somebody laughed.

Botherboy opened his eyes. An odd-looking personage had come into the room somehow, and was looking at him. Botherboy was too much out of sorts to feel alarmed when he saw who it was by the cloven feet and horns, and the tokens of a tail. He only groaned again.

"Tired of your family?" asked the old gentleman.

Botherboy looked at him.

"It isn't that. If I had ten thousand a year, I've no doubt I'd like it, but you know my salary."

"I'm well acquainted with most salaries now-a-days," said the old gentleman.

"You see," said Rotherboy, "it's a wearing thing—always the market-basket empty—always sugar and tea out—always things rising, everything but my salary. It makes the river nice, and dark and cool, and a rope tempting, and laudanum comforting to a married man."

"It's clear you want to be a bachelor," said the old gentleman; "well, well, it may come all right. Keep up a good heart—it may come all right yet. Very few people call on me without being heard. You wished to the deuce you were a bachelor, you know."

"Did I?" said Rotherboy. "Well, I'll do it over."

And then he dropped asleep. When he awoke he looked about him with surprise. He was in a handsome room, with elegant furniture tastefully arranged—a plate-glass mirror, marble mantel, a toilet-table which would have pleased Beau Brummel; an elegant dressing-gown flung over a chair, slippers of embroidered velvet near by, a meerschaum lying where it had been left the night before—near a half-emptied wine-glass. It was a room which bore evidences that its proprietor was a single man—bachelor apartments; for out of this was another room, where sofas and book-cases were visible.

Mr. Botherboy gave a long yawn.

"I do believe I'm a rich bachelor," he said. "It's very comfortable—no babies to cry, no bothering bills. I'm glad I made that wish. I'm—Good gracious!"

For, as he had been speaking, he had slipped on his dressing-gown, and gone to his window, and looked down upon his old home on the other side of the way, and saw himself or Susan in his likeness going out for the morning, while at the door his wife held baby up for a kiss, and the other three held to his coat-tails!

The baby was smiling. The wife trim in her well-starched calico—the children *so* pretty. Mr. Botherboy felt tears come into his eyes. But he had wished to be a bachelor, and he was one. He did not intend to repine. Let the shabby man opposite dandle his babies—he had all this. He rang the bell, a waiter came to the door.

"Breakfast is ready, sir," he said, and Botherboy went to such a breakfast as he had never had before. Somehow, however, he had no appetite for it. He kept thinking of the shabby little man who kissed his wife and children. He could not be wishing to stand in his shoes; however—that would have been ridiculous. No, he was perfectly happy. There was no perching before the tall desk that day—no aching head and elbows, and insufficient lunch. Cold chicken and sherry, and dainty jelly, appeared as if by magic; and as for dinner, he discovered that he was invited out to dine.

His *valet* appeared at the proper hour to curl his hair and put on his coat, and a carriage was at the door awaiting him. But as he stepped in he looked across the way. That old man of his—the Botherboy out of whose skin he had slipped—was coming home. He walked slowly. His hair was not brushed and curled, but rumpled as though by his fingers distractedly run through it a dozen times. But up in the air from the third-floor window came a little silvery voice:

"Papa! Papa! Mama, here comes papa!"

"Yes, here I am, my darling," cried Botherboy, but nobody heard him, and the shabby little man over the way was in the room which looked so cosy now to the real Botherboy, and he was driven to the dinner party.

It was very grand, and he was very splendid. He took wine with elegant ladies and magnificent gentlemen. He talked to some celebrated persons; he tasted rare dishes, and he went home conscious of too much champagne, but not happy—never happy—lonely and desolate beyond expression.

That night he watched the pretended Botherboy opposite, walking up and down, with his crying baby by candle-light, and was madly envious of him.

So it came to pass that, the first novelty having worn away, Botherboy spent his time in watching the little house opposite—in thinking how pretty the children were and how good and sweet the little wife, and how blessed the man in the shabby coat they all loved so.

He bought sugar plums and tried to tempt his own children to come to him, but they ran away crying. He spoke to his wife about the baby, but she was evidently on her guard. He remembered her opinion of the "rich old bachelor over the way." He was nothing to any one there. The figure in the shabby coat that trudged home on its tired legs every night, was more to them than all the old bachelors on earth, drove they ever so splendid horses. And soon Botherboy hated his splendid rooms and his elegant furniture and his costly clothes, and his dainty meals —even his meerschaum and his library. The one book he now and then found time to read aloud to Augusta, had been worth all those love-pressed volumes in their gilded covers.

"Oh, what a miserable thing an old bachelor is," he moaned one night, as he sat over his wine.

And again, as long ago, some one laughed. There at his elbow was the "old gentleman."

"You thought differently once," said he.

"More fool I," said Botherboy.

"And you wished to the deuce you were a bachelor," said the old gentleman.

"Ah! I know I did," said Botherboy.

"You wanted to be rid of your family," said the old gentleman.

"The—the—salary," said Botherboy. "But now I am so comfortable I'd like to have them again."

"*That* wasn't in the bargain," said his guest. "An old bachelor can't have a family. Come, now, you're rich."

"What's the good of money," said Botherboy. "No little wife to dress and make presents to, and no children when Christmas time comes——"

"You've a splendid house," said the old gentleman.

"Only servants in it," said Botherboy.

"But you can invite as many friends as you like."

"Friends," sneered Botherboy. "Fellows to drink my wine and smoke my cigars. What do they care for me."

"But you were tired of wife and children," said the old gentleman. "You wished to the deuce you were a bachelor. You left affection out of the matter. You wanted comfort. Here it is; you can't change it now."

"No, no," cried Botherboy, "no, I can't change it now. Lord help me. I've given it all up *for ever*—and wealth. Oh, Augusta, oh, my little children; give me back my four little children—give 'em back to me."

And Botherboy clutched the old gentleman, and sobbed aloud as he held him tight:

"Give me back my four children."

"Dear knows you've got them, my dear. What ails you? It's the close room. You'll wake them all up next, I expect," said somebody. And Botherboy opened his eyes. He was in the dark bedroom, and Mrs. Botherboy, in a night-gown, holding the baby, bent over him. Either the old gentleman had granted his prayer, or he had been asleep all the while.

"Thank the Lord, I've got you," said Botherboy, sobbing. "The other three are safe?"

"Of course, Botherboy," said the wife. "I've been sitting up to keep the baby from disturbing you."

"As if it could disturb me," said Botherboy, sobbing. "The trouble would come if we had no baby, Augusta. Give me the little fellow."

And Botherboy took the warm little lump into his arms, and laid it against his heart, and took his wife's hand and put it to his lips.

"There might be worse than being a little tired and a little pinched, Augusta," he said. "There's nothing like a home, after all, if it is ever so homely. Thank the Lord I'm not a bachelor."

And then, with his youngest born against his heart, Botherboy went to sleep again, and there was such peace in his heart that the angels, I am sure, came and stood at the door of the dark bedroom. It is folly to suppose they could fly in and watch over the little family all night. And somehow, though it had been only a dream, Botherboy remembers it still, and has never since that hour wished himself a bachelor.

Choosing a Wife.

Never marry a woman merely because she has a handsome face or a well-turned figure; for we soon become insensible to angelic forms and faces. If her countenance has life and intelligence—if her walk and carriage are modest and lady-like—and if the whole appearance indicate she has mind, heart, and soul, why she is worth all the simpering, mincing, flirting, affected Misses that ever brought good looks as their only marriage dower. If the fair one you are addressing is rich in houses, lots, farms, bank-stock, or railway shares, her worldly gear should not prove an insurmountable objection; but if she is poor like yourself so much the better. There is nothing like a young couple, about the age of twenty, starting in life with fond hearts, clear heads, easy consciences, and empty pockets. You have something to live for, to hope for, to work for, to love for! Your early struggles with the crosses of this cross world will only bind you the closer to your young, ardent and loving wife.

UNIVERSAL EQUALITY.—There is but one way of securing universal equality to man, and that is to regard every honest employment as honorable; and then for every man to learn, in whatsoever state he may be, therewith to be content, to fulfil with strict fidelity the duties of his station, and to make every condition a post of honor.

MARIE ANTOINETTE'S NECKLACE.

BY ANNA CORA RITCHIE.

Seven rows of seed pearls, united at intervals by red gleaming carbuncles—this was the necklace—and its history is passing strange.

That necklace encircled the slender throat of the beautiful maiden, called Marie Antoinette, upon the day when her mother, Maria Theresa, jubilant with high hopes, entered the young girl's chamber and poured in her ears the welcome news that the dauphin of France sought her as a bride.

Music was Marie Antoinette's passion, and for many years before her marriage she had been the pupil of the great composer, Gluck. She not only entertained the most profound admiration for his genius, but was warmly attached to the singular, simple-minded, gifted *maestro*.

Gluck was painfully nervous—sensitive, self-depreciating—a man whose pleasant name seemed to have been given to him in mockery of his joylessness. He was grievously short-sighted, and so excessively timid that attracting observation bewildered him, and positive fright rendered him eccentric. His royal pupil affectionately promised that he should receive her patronage after she ascended the throne. Yet when Gluck visited Paris for the express purpose of producing his opera of *Alceste*, he could not muster courage to appear before the Queen.

Through all the ordinary channels he sought in vain, to win a hearing for his opera; managers gave him the cold shoulder—supercilious singers shook their heads—men of lesser merit, who had gained a position, jostled him out of their way. Wearied, disheartened, utterly wretched, he knew that but one hope was left to him, and yet he could not summon resolution to take the legitimate steps which would have gained him admission into the palace.

One night, as Marie Antoinette was driving with her suite out of the gate of the Tuileries, to visit the opera in state, a man rushed from the throng which awaited her appearance, and attempted to throw a paper into the royal carriage. The crowd uttered a cry—there was a scuffle—a rush of *gens d'armes*—and a terrified individual was rudely captured. The Queen, sharing the general excitement, leaned forward and caught sight of the culprit. She gave a start of amazement—waved her hand to a gentleman equerry, who rode up to receive her orders—hurriedly uttered a few words—and the equerry immediately galloped towards the *gens d'armes*, who were conveying the alarmed offender to prison. Marie Antoinette had recognized her old professor. Gluck learned to his great joy, that he was not only set at liberty by her Majesty's order, but commanded to appear at the *Tuileries* on the morrow.

The excitable composer was so thoroughly overwhelmed by his good fortune that he had scarcely strength to obey the command—happily he also lacked courage to disobey. The Queen received him with exceeding graciousness. She pitied his confusion, and tried to reassure him—talked of the happy bye-gone days at Schoenbrunn, when she was his pupil—of his present prospects—his future greatness. But he never ventured to lift his eyes to her face, and the words he strove to utter broke into stammers, and died hoarsely on his lips. Trembling and blushing, he involuntarily glanced first at one door, then at another, as though he could hardly resist the temptation to make his escape. The compassionate Queen shortened the interview, after assuring him that his *Alceste* should be produced in Paris, and with the utmost splendor.

A couple of months later, her Majesty occupied the royal box on the night of that opera's first performance. The success of *Alceste* was triumphant—Gluck was almost beside himself through ecstacy. During the long [illegible] preparation, fatigue, n[illegible] the alternations of hop[illegible]ken and exhausted his system. [illegible] to comprehend how such a man could go mad or die through joy. When he heard his own name vociferously shouted on every side, half-drowned by thundered plaudits, he was panic-stricken. He attempted to take refuge in flight, but was caught in the act of making his escape. While he was wildly pleading to be allowed to hide himself, came a summons from her Majesty. There was no alternative, and he was led, almost perforce, to the Royal box.

Once more that necklace of pearls and carbuncles twined about the Queen's white throat. She had worn it in remembrance of her youth—the youth with which her old master was so closely associated. When Gluck was introduced into the box she not only congratulated him with affectionate warmth upon the success of his opera, but *naively* told him how proud she felt at having been his pupil, and again reverted to the pleasant days passed at Schoenbrunn.

The agitated composer made no response—he breathed hard—his eyes glanced wildly from side to side,—it became evident that his overwrought mind was giving way.

All at once his gaze was riveted upon the necklace—he gave a loud shriek, and, pointing at the gems, cried out, "Blood! blood! Drops of blood about the Queen's throat! Alas! alas! drops of blood! They have shed her blood!" And he eagerly stretched forth his hand to snatch at the necklace.

A gentleman caught his arm, and with some difficulty, he was removed from the box.

Marie Antoinette was highly superstitious; she could not disguise her terror, and the shock she had received. Shuddering, with trembling fingers, she unclasped the necklace and thrust it into the hand of a duchess who stood by her side, bidding her take it away, and keep it, that she (the Queen) might never see it more.

The unfortunate composer, it is said, never entirely recovered his reason, though he had many lucid intervals, and his insanity was harmless.

The duchess, who belongs to one of the oldest and noblest families in Brittany, preserved the necklace as a precious memento. But having recently entered her eighty-eighth year, she wrote a letter to the Empress Eugénie, relating in what manner the necklace came into her possession, adding that, as she had no direct heirs, the fittest person to possess this relic of the illustrious Marie Antoinette, was the Empress herself.

The letter was accompanied by a small case of green shagreen, bearing the half effaced stamp of the arms of the Bourbons—within lay the memorable necklace of pearls and blood-red carbuncles.

But how welcome was the gift to her Majesty of France? Is Eugénie wholly devoid of superstition? Was it with a throb of pleasure, or a thrill of horror, that she received the sad *souvenir* of her unfortunate predecessor? Will she ever fasten around her own delicate, graceful throat, the band of pearls and carbuncles which so ominously encircled that of Marie Antoinette?

LIVE UPRIGHTLY.—The poor pittance of seventy years is not worth being a villain for. What matter is it if your neighbor lies in a splendid tomb? Sleep you with innocence. Look behind through the track of time; a vast desert lies open in retrospect; through this desert your fathers have journeyed; wearied with tears and sorrows they sink from the walks of man. You must leave them where they fall, and you are to go a little farther, where you will find eternal rest.

SPEAK NOT, SPEAK NOT HER SACRED NAME.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

Speak not, speak not her sacred name:
Though wed to harps of brightest worth,
O, now it is too beautiful
For lip or melody on earth:
Let memory's music sing her soul
(Still beaming on the household shrine)
Deep in Love's rosy corridors
And in its tenderness divine.

II.

Ah, ye who knew and loved her, know
If sweetest minstrel sung that name
'Twould seem as if it was too pure
Even for *his* lyre's dusty frame,
That has too often sung of deeds
Where Earth's ambitions selfish blazed
And saw not far beyond their steeps
The Archangelic banners raised.

III.

Then speak, speak not her sacred name,
But let us stand beside her tomb,
And silently remember all
Her lovely deeds, within the bloom
By amaranths and roses wove,
That are the shadows of the flowers
By angels planted for her home
In Heaven's everlasting bowers.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Oh, aunty, you never would live in the Glen Cottage!"

"Why shouldn't I live there, if I'm able to pay the rent?" demanded Miss Peckham, settling her spectacles austerely.

"They say it's haunted, aunty," said Mary Green, lowering her voice; "they say there's a ghost rustles through the rooms all night long, and rattles chains, and nobody dares to go past the door after dark!"

"Yes," chimes in the Widow Parkes, "and there's lights a-glimmerin' there that aint o' this world—blue lights and drefful strange sounds!"

"I'm not afraid o' 'live people," said Miss Peckham, drily, "and I don't see why I should run away from dead ones! Let 'em rustle and rattle—we'll see who'll be tired first!"

"Aunty!" remonstrates Mary, with her apple-cheeks growing pale.

"Hanner Peckham!" croaked the Widow Parkes, "you're a-temptin o' Providence!"

"Oh, fiddle!" said Miss Peckham. "Providence haint nothin' to do with ghosts, *I* know."

"But why don't you stay contented and peaceable where you be?"

"Because there's water in the cellar, and a leaky ruff, and the landlord won't make no repairs, and the rent's higher'n a lone body like me feels able to pay. Now I can get the Glen Cottage for fifty dollars a year!"

"Yes, 'cause nobody else don't want to live along o' hobgoblins and specters!"

"Well, *I* don't, nor I don't mean to!"

"But, aunty," interposed Mary, breathlessly, "John Torrey was going to take it, but when he heard our Jonas tell what horrid sights and sounds he himself had heard and witnessed, he declared he would live in a barn sooner. Jonas says *he* won't stay to work for us, if we go there!"

"Well, let him stop away, then," said Aunt Hannah, composedly taking snuff. "The Glen Cottage I want, and the Glen Cottage I'll have, if there were forty ghosts there!"

Widow Parkes looked 'round the twilight room as if she expected to see a tall figure, all in white, glide forward and annihilate Miss Peckham at once, and Mary grew pale at her aunt's [illegible] city.

[illegible] neighborhood, noway!" [illegible] Peckham. [illegible] don't want to accuse no one, but my things do disappear in the most unaccountable way! Five silver spoons and a ten-dollar bill!"

"But, aunty, Jonas says the travelling peddler who sold portraits of General George Washington, took them!"

"Maybe he did—maybe he didn't; but he never took my keg o' molasses, nor yet the three big cheeses on the top milk-room shelf, nor the cinnamon silk gound that never had had a pair o' scissors to it! I never heerd o' ghosts *stealing*, anyhow!"

But the Widow Parkes shook her capped head with melancholy persistence.

"Well, Hanner, all I ask is—Jist remember I did my best to talk ye over!"

"I'll remember it," said the spinster, drily.

But Mary Green clung, sobbing, to her aunt's mouse-coloured merino skirts, after Mrs. Parkes had gone groaning home, and pleaded piteously for a re-consideration of Miss Peckham's decisions.

"Dear aunty, I never can live in a haunted house! I should die of fright!"

"My dear," said Aunt Hannah, drawing up her tall, muscular figure to its full height, "in a hand-to-hand tussle between me and a ghost, who d'ye 'spose would get the best of it? Don't be a fool, Mary Green—I did suppose you had better sense. To-morrow mornin', the first thing, we'll go to takin' up the tacks in the red ingrain carpet. The Glen Cottage is in a dreadful shackly state, but I'll move in afore I have a carpenter or a mason, an' then I'll be on the spot to see that things are done as they'd ought to be! There—there, Mary Green, stop cryin', and we'll sort out the gilt-edged cheeney afore Jonas comes into his supper."

But Jonas Smith came shambling in, even while Miss Peckham pronounced his name.

"What's this Widow Parkes is sayin' about your takin' the Glen Cottage, Miss Hanner? You aint goin' to live in that infested place?"

"I cal'late I be," said Miss Hannah, composedly. "There's a handle knocked off one of my tea-cups, Mary—I wonder if cement won't mend it."

"But I tell ye, Miss Hanner, you'll not stay there two days."

"*Why* won't I stay there, I'd like to know?" demanded the irate spinster, wheeling suddenly around with a pile of saucers in her hand, and confronting Jonas Smith.

"Because the house is full o' creatures from another world—ghosts, Miss Hanner!"

"Oh, aunty!" trembled Mary, getting closer to Jonas, away from that ugly shadow in the angle of the chimney.

"Stuff and nonsense!" was all Miss Peckham's comment.

"I tell you I've seen 'em myself," said Jonas, speaking in a husky, sepulchral tone, "white figures, with their faces tied up in grave-clothes, and clankin' chains draggin' arter 'em—and old Bonnie shied so, I couldn't hardlyget him past the door."

"Well, *I* shan't shy," said Aunt Hannah.

"I wouldn't live in that ar' house for a thousand dollars a year!" said Jonas.

"Nobody wants you to, as I know of," retorted the spinster.

"Oh, very well—if you don't want my sarvices no longer——"

"Hold on—seems to me you're getting on pretty fast," said Miss Peckham. "You're a master hand to work, Jonas Smith, and I haint no fault to find with you, but if you don't choose to go with us to Glen Cottage, there's as good fish in the sea as ever jumped out of it. That's all I've got to say."

"I'll help ye move," said Jonas, somewhat mollified; "but as for livin' in that goblin-besot place, for one won't do it."

"Just as you please," said Miss Peckham.

"And when shall you want to move? Next month?"

"I'll move a-Thursday," said Miss Peckham.

"Thursday," gasped Jonas, "and this is Monday, and I've got to go to Belleville to-morrow."

"Well go 'long—what hinders ye?"

Jonas looked discomfited, and devoted himself to his dinner, but he asked no more questions of the resolute spinster.

"Mary Green," said Aunt Hannah, the next afternoon about two o'clock, "get your bonnet."

"What for, aunty?"

"I'm goin' up to Glen Cottage to take a look at matters and things."

Mary trembled inwardly, but she knew her aunt's determination of character too well to demur, and "got her bonnet" accordingly.

"Aunty, what are you going to do with that basket of gingerbread and apples."

"Eat 'em when I get there—it's considerable of a walk up the hill."

Eat gingerbread and apples in a haunted house? Mary's flesh crept at the idea—but she said nothing.

Glen Cottage was somewhat a misnomer, for the glen lay down in the ravine, and the cottage crested the hill beyond—a dilapidated structure with loose boards flapping in the wind, and dreary, wooden shutters, with crescents cut in their top.

"Oh, aunty, how dismal it looks!" said Mary, as they paused in the solitary road opposite the weed-grown door-step.

"A few pounds o' paint and a few days' work will set all that straight," said Aunt Hannah, resolutely thrusting the rusty key into the still rustier lock.

From empty sounding room to empty sounding room Aunt Peckham strode, audibly commenting on their adaptation to her household purposes, Mary following close behind like a frightened hare, until they reached the garret, where the windows at either end were paneless and a sepulchral rustling sound greeted them.

"Oh, aunty, what is that?" shrieked Mary, grasping her aunt's shawl.

"Nothin' on airth, but a lot o' that wall paper that was torn off the east bedroom, and——"

Aunt Hannah paused and contemplated the scene with both hands on her hips.

"Now I tell you what, Mary Green," she said, in measured accents, "no ghost never hung that paper from a string in the middle of the garret so 'twould catch every breath o' wind and keep up racket enough to account forty hobgoblins! Nor no ghost never catched an old sheet on the nail by the window so as to make it flutter back and forth, jest for all the wide world like a white figure dodgin'! Ghosts! *Fid*-dle-stick!"

"Aunty! aunty!" supplicated Mary, "what is that dreadful sound?"

"It's rain on the shingles overhead, child."

"But it sounded just like running footsteps—and—oh, *my!*"

Mary nestled close up to her aunt, as a peal of thunder sounded overhead.

"Bless the child! one would think she never had been out in a thunder storm before!" said Miss Peckham, reproachfully. "But I do wish I knowed where the key to the lower cellar door was!"

Mary and her aunt left the dismal garret and descended to a more habitable apartment, where Miss Hannah spread her blanket shawl on the floor, and seated herself, in Turkish fashion, to regale herself and her niece on apples.

"I'll keep the gingerbread," said Miss Peckham, shrewdly; "for, judgin' by the set o' the wind, and the look o' the clouds, we'll have to stay here all night."

Mary uttered a scream.

"Stay here all night, aunty!"

"Of course—why not? We never could walk all that way home in the rain; and with lots o' gingerbread for our supper, and a good blanket shawl to sleep on, and a lantern in the basket, we'll be as snug as crickets!"

Mary Green shuddered;—to her nervous soul the prospect appeared far from delectable. But Aunt Hannah rather enjoyed it!

"Aunty, what will Jonas do for his supper?"

"Don't consarn yourself," said Aunt Peckham, drily. "Jonas told me he couldn't no-ways git back from Belleville afore to-morrow mornin'."

And thus drifted away poor Mary's last straw of hope!

And the autumnal evening closed chill and windy, and with driving gusts of rain around the Haunted House!

Mary sat close to the flickering gleam of the lantern, while her aunt planned and cogitated and decided which furniture she would have in which room, and where the "chist o' draws" would look best, and in which corner the high-post bedstead with the brass ornaments should go. And finally she dropped off to sleep with her head on the "blanket shawl," and Aunt Hannah thriftily blew out the lantern and lay down beside her, rather soothed to slumber than otherwise by the hooting of the owls in the woods below, and the rush of the rain against the shutters!

She must have slept three or four hours, when she was roused by a singular sound—a sound as of clanking chains—below stairs.

Miss Peckham was brave, but for an instant her blood curdled. The next moment she rose silently up, struck a match, and lighted the tallow candle inside the lantern.

"If it's a ghost, I'll go down and settle its business at once," soliloquized Aunt Hannah; "and if it's not, I'll find out what it is!"

So Aunt Hannah set forth undaunted, down the creaking stairs, through the echoing rooms.

"Front door wide open, eh?" thought she. "*I* never left it so. Horse and wagon in front—ghosts don't generally travel arter that fashion, as ever I heerd on! Halloo—where does that light come from? Down cellar, 's true's I live! *Now* I begin to know why I couldn't find the cellar key!"

Aunt Hannah set down her lantern on the kitchen floor out of the draught, and crept noiselessly down the cellar stairs. Aunt Hannah Peckham would have made a splendid soldier if she had been a man.

The damp air from the long closed subterranean room struck like a chill to her lungs; but what cared our spinster for that. One moment she stood quietly observing—what?

Only a brilliant glass lantern set on the top of her identical "kag o' molasses," the "cinnamon silk" lying in an open paper beside it, and the five spoons peeping in argentine brightness from among the folds, and various boxes, bundles and packages piled compactly around. And in the midst of them, stooping to tie something up, with his back towards her, was a man!

Aunt Hannah opened her eyes very wide and shut them again; the superstitious mystery was clear enough to her now.

The next instant she had cleverly toppled her midnight visitor over, and knelt with one knee firmly upon his breast. Hannah Peckham was a full match for most men, under the most favorable circumstances, but in an ambuscade like that she had a terribly marked advantage!

"Lie still, Jonas Smith," said Aunt Hannah, "if you don't want me to tap you over the head with that hammer!"

Jonas Smith lay still—he knew that Aunt Peckham generally meant what she said!

"Now hold your hands together," said Miss Hannah, and Jonas obeyed. "It's well you provided me with lots o' good strong rope! Now your feet—that's right!"

There was a rusty iron chain with two padlocks lying on the cellar floor. Miss Peckham surveyed it meditatively an instant—then quietly fastened one end round Jonas's waist, and attached the other to an iron staple in the wall.

"Now then, we'll look around us a little, Jonas," said the spinster, rubbing the rust from her hands. "Hey! here's the box o' candles Desire Jenkins lost so mysteriously—and Elder Smoot's grist o' buckwheat—and the keg o' nails Hiram Pell got for the meetin' house roof, and a piece o' cotton cloth out o' Winter Jones' store! And here's my molasses and my silk gound, and the spoons my Aunt Huldy left me—a-ah! Well, well Jonas Smith, of all the ghosts I ever heerd on, this ghost is the most forehanded and provident, but I guess he's scared his last scare! The next place *you'll* haunt, Jonas Smith, will be Belleville jail!"

In vain were Jonas' entreaties and promises and asseverations. Miss Hannah locked him in the cellar, pocketed the key, and drove off through the cloudy midnight—it had ceased to rain, fortunately—with trembling Mary Green at her side, "arter the constables!"

"And I do think that shower o' rain was the greatest blessin' that's happened to me this year," said Miss Peckham. "Because if we hadn't providentially been kept there all night, Jonas Smith would ha' carted my own things off, with my own horse *Peggy*, and I never would ha' been a bit the wiser for it! *Now*, Mary Green, what do you think about ghosts?"

Jonas Smith was duly apprehended and sentenced,—his pilfering career over at last—and the Glen Cottage was never haunted more! Even Widow Parkes, conceded, though unwillingly, that Miss Hannah Peckham's method of exorcising ghosts was quite successful.

GOING A-STRAWBERRYING.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

It was a warm afternoon in July, and the Dexter girls, Mary, Josie, Fanny and Sue, were out upon the broad piazza to catch the faint breeze that lazily stirred the leaves of the lofty elm that stretched its protecting arms over the old farm-house

"How stupid we all are!" yawned Fanny, throwing down her book and desisting from the attempt to capture a fly that persisted in alighting on her nose. "How I do wish it would thunder, or something would happen to wake us up."

"O, goody there's Cousin Kate coming cross lots. Now for some fun!"

And dropping her work, away scampered Josie down to the garden gate to meet her.

Kate Wilde or wild Kate, as everybody called her—and it must be confessed that she had well earned the title—came along, swinging her hat in her hand, as was her usual custom, her light elastic step showing that she was troubled with neither corns or their concomitants, tight shoes. She was a medium-sized girl, with a clear, bright complexion, brown eyes, and hair about the same color, and which, do her best, never would stay "done up," like the other girls', but, defying the restraint of comb and net, persisted in resolving itself into spiral curls around the neck and temples; a style of coiffure not at all unbecoming to the bright, piquant face of its owner.

"Now, girls," she said, depositing herself upon the steps of the piazza, and brushing back the moist hair from her temples, "don't all of you begin to exclaim how terribly hot it is; for one can see that by just looking at you. I declare, if you don't look as wilted as so many cabbage leaves! After me, it is just such weather as I like; it fairly makes me grow!"

And she looked as though it did, as she sat there with her glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, the very picture of health, fun and frolic.

"I've come to invite you to go a-strawberrying with me as soon as it gets a little cooler. I know a place where they are as thick as they can hang, and as red and ripe as cherries."

"Where?" inquired a chorus of voices.

"Down in Pebbly-brook meadow, not a quarter of a mile from here. You know where it is, Josie; we went a-berrying there last summer."

"Yes; but you know Deacon Barnes owned it then. 'Squire Graves is *so* cross! He told Bob, and the Harding boys that if he ever caught them in his grass again he'd set his dog on them"

"Humph! Perhaps he'll set his dog on *me!*" said Kate with a toss of her head. "I should really like to see him do it! But pshaw! he won't meddle with us girls. Not but what he's ugly enough to do most anything, but he'd be ashamed to. Say girls, will you go? I shall, for one; for I don't mean that all those delicious berries shall go to waste for the want of some one to pick them."

After a little more coaxing and persuading, Kate carried the day, as she generally did, and it was finally agreed that she was to meet them there immediately after tea.

At the appointed time Kate made her appearance, basket in hand, but bare-headed, to the astonishment of the girls, who were waiting for her on the porch

"Where's your hat?" was the immediate inquiry.

"The last I saw of it, it was going over the dam," was the cool reply. "A puff of wind took it off my head as I was crossing the bridge. But I wasn't going to care home again; I thought that I could borrow something here, or else tie a handkerchief over my head."

"I know what I'll do!" she exclaimed, triumphantly, as she spied a pile of hats that Josie had been braiding; "I'll wear one of these. It will be just the thing."

"So will I! so will we all!" was the merry response.

And following Kate's example, they arrayed themselves in the coarse straw hats, very generally worn by men and boys, during the warm weather, in the out-door labor.

Thus equipped, with many a laugh at the transformation it effected, especially in connection with their jackets, profusely ornamented with buttons, they set out upon their expedition in high glee.

'Squire Graves, the owner of Pebbly-brook meadow and the fertile lands adjoining it, had been a resident of Greenville but a few months, during which he had kept himself very secluded, turning a cold shoulder to the rather officious but ill-meant overtures of his neighbors "to be sociable," as they called it. There was little known in regard to his antecedents, with the exception that he was a man of considerable means and unblemished character. On passing through the place he had been attracted by the beautiful situation of a small farm that was for sale. He bought it, and tearing down the old farm-house, built a commodious and pleasant mansion, where he lived in solitary state with no one but his housekeeper and one man servant, rarely going into public, except to church.

He was not generally liked; the men folks laughed at his amateur farming, and their wives were not a little indignant at his want of appreciation of the hospitality for which they were noted. As for the young ladies of Greenville, they were unanimously of the opinion "that he was very handsome," with the exception of Kate Wilde, who declared that he was "a horrible looking creature, with his fierce whiskers and staring black eyes."

'Squire Graves was by no means misanthropical in his natural disposition; on the contrary, he had a heart more than usually sympathetic and generous in its impulses. His seclusion and the chilling reserve of his manner were owing to a recent family affliction, which, though it attached neither disgrace nor blame to him, had cast a temporary gloom over his feelings and made him shrink from society. He had settled himself down to the dull routine of his present life with the fixed determination of never leaving it; but alas for the vanity of human resolutions, especially those which repress the natural craving of the heart for love and sympathy, he was already growing weary of it. And, as near the close of day—the warm July day above-mentioned—he sat upon the veranda smoking, an unusually lonely feeling came over him, and the silence around him seemed almost oppressive.

"What a bewitchingly pretty countenance that girl has!" he soliloquized. "Kate Wilde, I believe they call her. I think I never heard such a sweet laugh."

'Squire Graves had seen Kate at church every Sunday since his arrival, and had been irresistibly attracted towards her; and that very morning, as he chanced to go by her father's house, he had caught a glimpse of her bright eyes and rosy cheeks in the garden into which he had been tempted to look by the merry tone and gleeful laugh which proceeded from it.

Then as he dreamily watched the smoke circling above his head, he fell to wondering how such a face and figure would look opposite him every morning at the breakfast-table, and what a general transformation they would effect in his lonely home. From which blissful dreams he aroused himself with a half sigh at the celibacy to which he had inwardly pledged himself.

"Them pesky boys are in the medder again; 'squire," said his man, Joe, thrusting his head through the door. "That 'ere grass will be so tied up that it can't be mowed no how you kin fix it."

The boys of the neighborhood had been very annoying of late in their depredations upon his orchard and garden, in which he took no little pride, and the announcement of this fresh "raid" quite exhausted his remaining stock of patience.

"They are?" he exclaimed. "I've tried what virtue there is in words, now I'll try the effect of something more potent. Go and unchain Bruno!"

With the huge mastiff at his heels, which, fierce as it was, was perfectly under his master's control, 'Squire Graves reached the brow of a hill which gave him a view of the fair raiders. In a stooping posture little could be discerned of them above the tall grass save their heads, whose strange gear certainly gave them a very masculine appearance.

In spite of his indignation, desirous of frightening rather than hurting them, 'Squire Graves held back the eager dog until he had, by a loud halloo, warned them of his design.

As soon as the girls saw the fierce animal, with open mouth, bearing down upon them, they let fall their pails and baskets and made for the nearest enclosure, over which they tumbled in a manner distinguished less by grace than expedition; giving vent, in the meantime, to a series of piercing screams, such as can proceed only from female lungs, and those in a state of unusual health and vigor.

All got safely over with the exception of Kate, who, being the last to go, hit her foot against a stone, and was momentarily stunned by the fall it occasioned.

As 'Squire Graves caught a glimpse of the flying foe, his angry feeling changed to astonishment and dismay, and he quickly hastened to the spot to prevent any further mischief.

"Back, Bruno! back, you brute!" he exclaimed, as Kate rose to her feet and turned her flushed face towards him.

Good heavens! it was the divinity that had occupied his thoughts so much of late.

"I earnestly trust that you have sustained no injury, Miss Wilde?" he said, removing his hat respectfully as he spoke.

"Not in the least, sir; though it is not owing to any consideration on *your* part!"

"Very gentlemanly conduct, I must say!" she added, looking with an indignant air, first at her soiled dress, and then at the crest-fallen man before her.

"I—I beg your pardon," he stammered; "but the fact is, your dress so deceived me that I—I really took you to be boys!"

"*Took us to be boys?*" repeated Kate, in astonishment.

Then, as her eye fell upon the hat at her feet, her anger evaporated in a clear ringing laugh, which did more than anything else could have done to restore our hero to his usual ease and self-possession.

In the meantime, the rest of the girls had sought the shelter of a grove in an adjoining field. Missing Kate, two of the boldest of them volunteered to go and ascertain her fate. As they came within sight of the field of their disaster, they were astonished to see 'Squire Graves politely assisting Kate over the fence; which act of gallantry she received with much apparent complacency and good-humor.

When Kate reached the grove, she found her companions bemoaning their several mishaps. One had lost a net, another a shoe; dresses had been draggled through the mud, and torn in various places, and their apparel, as a whole, was in a rather dilapidated condition. They were of the unanimous opinion that 'Squire Graves was a "brute," an "ogre," a "perfect savage!"

Kate listened to these anathemas in silence, though with eyes brimming with mirth. At last, unable longer to contain herself, she burst forth:

"'Squire Graves isn't to blame. What do you think, girls? he thought we were boys!"

Here Kate sat down upon the grass, and laughed until the tears rolled down her cheeks, in which she was joined by the rest.

"He sent humble apologies to you all," continued Kate, as soon as her mirth permitted her to speak, "and said, 'that he should be happy to have us pick strawberries in his meadow whenever we felt disposed to do so.' What do you think of *that?*"

"Think!" said Josie, with a significant look; "I think that the 'perfect savage', has been tamed very suddenly! What kind of a charm did you use, eh, Kate?"

At this, Kate blushed, and for once, was at a loss for an answer. So she changed the subject, by proposing that they all should start for home.

What that blush meant, it is impossible to say, but this we know, that there was quite a marked change in 'Squire Graves' habits and manner; he commenced calling upon his neighbors, and soon became as sociable as any one of them could desire, though it must be confessed that he called at Mr. Wilde's more frequently than at any other place. And more than this, the very next Thanksgiving Eve there was a pleasant gathering at Mr. Wilde's, during which a certain ceremony was performed, at the conclusion of which wild Kate was Kate Wilde no longer. Yet, although she took a '*graver* name, her husband avers, (and certainly he ought to know) "that she is the same merry, provoking creature that she was when she stole, not only his strawberries, but the heart of their owner."

* * *

SUCCESS.—The secret of success—what is it? In this country, among people who are equally protected and encouraged, it lies in the steady pursuit of intelligence, industry, temperance and frugality. There is no royal road to success—the path is oftenest humble.

WIT AND HUMOR.

AN INFERENCE.—A clergyman remarked to a servant who had been a long time in his service, "John, you have been a long time in my service; I dare say you are able to preach a sermon as well as I." "Oh, no, sir," said John; "but many an inference have I drawn from yours." "Well," said the clergyman, "I will give you a text out of Job; let me hear what you will make from it: 'And the asses snuffed up the east wind.'" "Well," replied John, "the only inference that I can draw is this, that it would be a long time before they would grow fat upon it."

ONE of our contributors who has just returned from a visit to Brazil, informs us that he was much amused at the apparent apathy of the Brazilian shop-keepers. If they are engaged, as now is not unfrequently the case, in talking politics or reading a newspaper, or perhaps only enjoying a cool seat in the back of their shop, they will often say they have not the article inquired for, rather than rise to fetch it; and if the customer persists to point it out in the shop, he is coolly desired to get it for himself, and lay down the money.

IN a railroad station is a placard announcing "No smoking," posted over an oil lamp. Two Irishmen appear, one smoking. "Mike," says the other, "Ye're transgressin' the rhules of the establishment." "How's that?" says the smoker. "Don't you see there—no smoking?" "Yis; but can't ye see, ye spalpeen, the remark is addressed to the lamp?"

A TRAVELLER, who has just returned from journeying through Africa, says: "A savage holds to his cows and to his women, but especially to his cows." He adds: "The price of a good-looking, strong young wife, who can carry a heavy jar of water, is ten cows. Throughout savage lands, a family of daughters is exceedingly profitable."

HALAB, the Arabian, being asked what was the most excellent thing in man, replied, "Sense." But if he have none, what is the best then? "Honesty." But if he has not that? "The counsel of his friend," replied the doctor. And in want of that? "Taciturnity." And if he cannot have any of these things? "A sudden death as soon as possible."

ONE of our ex-Mayors, the other day, observing a large stone lying near his gate, ordered his servant, with an oath, to send it to Purgatory. "If," said the servant, "I were to throw it to Heaven, it would be more out of your honor's way!"

IN a small party the subject turning on matrimony, a lady said to her sister, I wonder, my dear, you have never made a match, I think you want the brimstone. To which she replied, "No, not the brimstone, only the spark."

A TENANT in the neighborhood of the Astor House, was thus accosted by his landlord: "Brown, I am going to raise your rent." Brown replied, "Sir, I am very much obliged to you, for I cannot raise it myself."

A PATIENT once asked his physician which way a man might use tobacco to have any benefit from it: "By setting up a shop to sell it," said he, "for certainly there is no profit to be had from it any other way."

If wine be poison, so is tea—
But in another shape;
What matter whether one be killed
By *canister* or *grape*.

SCENES of a new domestic drama: Scene 1—Mother in the cellar splitting wood. Scene 2—Daughter in the parlor singing to a well-dressed simpleton the pathetic ballad, "Who shall care for mother now?"

A MAN who was imprisoned for marrying two wives, complained that he had been severely dealt with for an offence *which carries its own punishment along with it!*

A MORMON female seminary was recently started in Salt Lake City, which succeeded very well, until the principal eloped with and married the whole school.

SMITHS, of all the handicraft men, are the most irregular; for they never think themselves better employed than when they are at their vices.

SOME say that the quickest way of destroying "*weeds*" is to marry a widow. It is, no doubt, a most agreeable species of *husbandry*.

IT was said of a great calumniator, and a frequenter of other persons' tables, that he never opened his mouth but at somebody's expense.

ONE asked why B stood before C? Because, said another, a man must B, before he can C.

THE COWARD'S "ARMS."—His *legs*.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A HORRIBLE CASE.—A lady living in Brooklyn was assaulted in Lawrence street, near Willoughby street, early in the evening, by three men, who choked her, threw her violently to the pavement, robbed her of a silk dress she had just purchased and over $100 in money, and left her lying insensible on the sidewalk. She was found and taken home by a couple of neighbors; but, though carefully attended, died from the effects of her injuries. The miscreants who perpetrated this double crime have not been discovered.

A BOSTON boy, intending to be *very* saving, resolved to deposit one cent in the savings bank at the end of the first week in January, two cents at the end of the second week, four cents at the end of the third, and so on, doubling the amount every week during the year. He kept to his resolution for thirteen weeks, when the last deposit—$40.90—exhausted all his undeposited resources, and he had to give it up. To have gone on for the year would have required many times the entire wealth of the globe.

A MAN living in West Newburg, N. Y., lately attempted to murder his step-child, a little girl six years of age. Having enticed her to a lonely road, he knocked her down with a club and then jumped on her; but a neighbor who was providentially passing that way saw the ruffian at his horrible work, and rushed to the rescue of the child. The step-father fled, but was subsequently hunted down and arrested.

THE inhabitants of Laketon, in Minnesota, were disturbed a few days ago by the advent of three black bears in the one street of their village, evidently in search of prey. Those who had rifles at once brought them into requisition, and in a short time the three bears were in process of being divided up among the excited villagers.

MONTANA papers tell of terrible suffering in that territory. During the late cold spell out there a man named Archie McCurtis was frozen to death on horseback near Bannock, and five other men had their limbs so badly frozen that amputation became necessary. The temperature ranged from 46 to 57 degrees below zero.

A PICKPOCKET was arrested in Memphis the other day and fined $25 and sentenced to 53 days hard labor in the chain gang, and to crown all, he was then labeled and paraded through the streets of the city. He has since brought suit for $10,000 damages against the Police Commission.

A FEW nights ago a resident of Syracuse fired his revolver at a man whom he saw prowling beneath his window, and struck him in the hip, inflicting a serious wound. The injured man was engaged in the very innocent occupation of courting a servant girl in the gentleman's employ.

THE members of the Tonkawa tribe of Indians, in Texas, feed upon roast or broiled Camanche whenever they can get one; but they eat no other human flesh, white or copper-colored. The Camanches are equally fastidious, and eat none of their kind except Tonkawas.

A WORKMAN in the New Jersey Railroad Car factory, while attempting to adjust a belt, was caught in the machinery and whirled around a shaft with frightful velocity, and before he could be rescued his brains were dashed out and his body nearly torn in pieces.

A PHYSICIAN of Goshen, Ohio, recently committed suicide because his children opposed his marrying again. He bequeathed his watch and carriage to the widow he had intended to lead to the altar, and requested that he be buried in his proposed bridal garb.

JOHN LOGAN, of Meriden, Conn., a lad twelve years old, while passing through a field where some boys were playing ball, on Saturday of last week, was struck in the head by a ball and died in about three hours.

CONSIDERABLE of a ripple was raised in Wall street the other day by the execution of a Western railroad bond so large that it required thirty thousand dollars' worth of internal revenue stamps to legalize it.

MILLIONS upon millions of grasshoppers have appeared in several of the southwestern counties of Texas, and are literally devouring every green thing.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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NO TRAVELLING AGENTS.—We employ no travelling agents. If any party pretends to act as such for us, you can put him down as a swindler.

REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN:

Being a Series of Twelve Articles, by the Presidents of Twelve of the Principal Colleges in the United States.

No. I.

ON THE STUDY OF THE MATHEMATICS.

BY REV. THOMAS HILL, D.D., L.L.D., PRESIDENT OF HARVARD COLLEGE.

All scientific knowledge of material things depends upon mathematical knowledge; and the young man who wishes to understand, thoroughly and accurately, any part of natural science or mechanical art, must lay the foundation of his knowledge in learning geometry, arithmetic and algebra. There is no possible escape from this necessity; no natural science or mechanic art can be studied or taught without implying questions of number, of figure, and of motion, which are the peculiar things treated of in the mathematics.

Text-books on these subjects are numerous, and easily obtained; and, although the student may be at a loss to select the best, yet, fortunately, the mathematics are so plain and simple a subject that the poorest text-book cannot lead the student far astray; it will only lead by a slower and more difficult path to the end to which the best book would conduct him speedily and easily. The young man who wishes to obtain a mastery over the great key to the treasures of natural science may, therefore, easily make his selection of text-books to begin his studies; with patient determination and steady industry he will certainly gain for himself at length the coveted skill.

Much time is generally wasted on arithmetic, by taking text-books swelled with a great variety of so-called practical rules. No amount of rules can dispense with the need of common sense in the student, and, on the other hand, with common sense a man can do almost everything with arithmetic, without other rules than those of decimal and vulgar fractions, and proportion, or rule of three. Two very useful rules in the old books, called the rule of three and the rule of double position, are omitted in many modern text-books, but they are worthy of being brought again into use. After fractions and the rule of three are so familiar that you can readily apply them to any question presented, it is worth while to take up logarithms, not to enter deeply into their theory, unless you intend to make yourself a thorough mathematician, but to become perfectly familiar with the mode of applying them to multiplication and division, and to the extraction of roots. A book of logarithmic tables costs but little, and will save an immense amount of arithmetical labor to one who acquires practical familiarity with its uses. A knowledge of the metrical system of weights and measures should also be gained, since the best books on science now use the metre and the gramme instead of the yard and the pound.

Geometry was in ancient days almost the only mathematics, having been cultivated for centuries by scholars, while arithmetic was comparatively neglected, and algebra had not been invented; but geometry is now too much neglected, and, when studied, made a mere drill in logical reasoning. It should be made a means of cultivating the imagination, of imparting that power to see clearly the shape and figure of things imagined which is absolutely essential to the invention of machinery. To this end I should recommend a young man not only to learn the mode of demonstrating or proving geometrical theorems, but also to store his memory with theorems and problems which he has not proved, but which he clearly understands. For example, it is a theorem of geometry and mechanics, that when the two ends of a hanging chain are supported they are drawn towards each other with a horizontal force equal to the weight of a piece of the chain as long as the radius of the circle which would fit the lowest part of the curve. Any intelligent man can understand this theorem, and see that, if it be true, then the lightest chain is too heavy to be stretched absolutely straight, in a horizontal position,—and this theorem is interesting to him and an exercise for his imagination; yet to prove it requires a knowledge of the differential calculus.

When geometry is used as an exercise for the reasoning powers, the student ought not only to follow the reasoning of the text-book, but devise new modes of proof for himself; he can in no other way make geometry of actual use to him in the advancement of his own science or art.

Algebra follows geometry, and applies arithmetical calculation to things of unmeasured magnitude by substituting letters for numbers, thus enabling us also to imagine numbers and other quantities as varying in size, through all possible values, still being represented by the same letters. Familiarity with algebraical processes and readiness in attaining algebraical results, is absolutely essential in all higher mathematics; even the highest geometrical knowledge is attained only by applying algebra to its pursuit.

The first application of algebra to geometry gives trigonometry, which is an easy and fascinating branch of mathematics, dealing with triangles. All other figures may be conceived as divided into a greater or smaller number of triangles,—even a circle may be conceived as divided by an infinite number of radii into an infinite number of triangles,—the doctrine of triangles is thus the key to all higher geometry. Whenever trigonometry is applied to a particular case, numerical calculations, of course, become necessary, which used to be usually of great length and intricacy, but by logarithms have been made easy and simple.

The second application is called analytical geometry, which treats of figures in the most general way; but particularly has interested itself in the figures which can be made by the shadow of a circle on a plane. These figures are called conic sections, and a knowledge of them is of the highest use in navigation, astronomy, and mechanics.

A third application is the differential calculus, which investigates particularly the rate at which quantities increase or diminish in proportion to the rate of increase or diminution of other quantities on which the first are dependant.

Other branches of mathematics are higher and more extensive than these, or more contracted and merely auxiliary;—but those which I have named are essential to the investigation of the problems of modern physical science and mechanic art; and they are within the reach of any young man of fair abilities, who will patiently study them in the right order, for a few months. About the year 1852, a young mechanic came to me for instruction in the mathematics. He was pronounced by the teachers of the public schools which he had attended, "the dullest pupil they had ever known." But he was resolute and persevering at his studies with me, taking care to understand one thing before he undertook another, and being careful not only to understand, but to become familiar by practice with every new process;—and, although, for the first two months, I too thought him the dullest man at mathematics I had ever known, yet at the end of ten months I considered him one of the brightest. He had mastered the principles, and become expert in the processes of all the branches of mathematics which I have been describing. The result is that he has been now for many years the superintendent of important mechanical works, and in the receipt of a high salary. His success was due to his indefatigable industry and his patience in endeavoring to understand the mathematics. The course of study which he followed with me was substantially what I should recommend to any young man desirous of the like knowledge.

Begin with arithmetic, avoid the multiplicity of business rules found in larger textbooks, but gain a thorough knowledge of fractions and of proportion or rule of three, both in their theory and in practical facility of using them. If you intend to go on with the whole course, this will be enough. If you are not going to study trigonometry and the calculus, then make yoursif well acquainted with the use of logarithms, and with double position. Use logarithms of five decimal places in preferenee to those of six places.

After arithmetic, take up plane and solid geometry. Do not choose a very voluminous text-book; Peirce's, which is one of the best, is also one of the smallest. Learn the vigorous exactness of proof demanded in this science; but also learn that the mere reading and clear understanding of theorems which other men have proved, even if you do dot follow their proof, is of great value. Accustom yourself also to devise new proofs for theorems, and new solutions for problems, and be rigorous in demanding exactness from yourself.

Then make yourself expert in algebraic calculations of equations of the first and second degree. The fundamental nature of algebra makes it easier, to most minds, than geometry; but it gives you also a greater opportunity to fall into error by carelessness. It does not cultivate the imagination, as geometry does; but it cultivates the habit of carefulness in operation.

Next make trigonometric functions and logarithms as familiar as the multiplication table. There are two modes of defining a trigonometric function. One defines the sine, for example, as the opposite leg when the hypotenuse is radius; the other defines the sine as the arithmetical quotient obtained by dividing the length of the opposite leg by the length of the hypotenuse. Make yourself perfectly in command of this second view of trigonometric functions as numbers, or decimal fractions; it is much simpler and more effective than the former.

Then if you are disposed to go further, take up analytical geometry and the differential calculus. When you arrive at so high a point in your course the choice of a text-book becomes more important; some of the most popular books give an entirely false explanation or demonstration of the processes, while giving the process itself correctly.

This course of study will be sufficient to give a key to all ordinary works on physical science; but even if it is never used in application to physical problems, it will repay the student for his labor, by the pleasure which the pursuit of truth itself always gives to a healthy mind. The highest use of the material world is the service which it renders in educating the mind and the heart, by its exhibitions of the Creator's wisdom and love; and the highest use of the mathematics lies in their enabling the student to understand the thoughts embodied in the forms and motions of nature.

◆

SITKA: OUR NEW ACQUISITION.

BY FRED. S. COZZENS.

In the Americo-Russian archipelago there is an island called by the above name, on which is the capital city of Archangel. It is situated off a belt of land fringed with Russian Islands, about thirty miles wide and three hundred and forty-five miles long, which shuts off one-half of British America from the Pacific; and north of that, the great peninsula, like a shoulder of mutton, tough, sinewy and fat with Arctic animal life, rolls up into the mighty fore-arm of Mount St. Elias, and rolls down in avalanches, eternal snow-storms, glaciers and icy rivers to the Pacific on the west side and to the Arctic Sea on the north side. To the consumptive patient the land offers few attractions, but to those philosophers whose lungs are strong enough to endure the fatigues of a lecture-room, she has an eloquence and beauty, diversified with two volcanoes, whose throats are in a perpetual blaze of excitement. What splendor there is in yonder Aurora Borealis, that for myriads of years has played upon these lakes, streams and mountain peaks! How delicious nature is in her normal condition! Ah, Maria! let us lay aside our fans and our *chignons*, and put on snow shoes, and explore! Will you go with me from the heated atmosphere of social life into the calm sequestered retreats of Russian America? Shall we build huts of blocks of ice, like the hardy Esquimaux, and wrap ourselves in the drapery of a robe of sable skins or sea otters, worth $20,000 at least, and despise the pomp of this world? You know, my dear, sables are very cheap there? Catherine of Russia had to get her sables by keeping up a very expensive military establishment at Sitka. She was a very illustrious, strong-minded woman, to be sure; and her morals were a little loose, and she poisoned her husband; but what are those trifling enjoyments compared with carrying out a great idea? It is not so cold as the eastern side of the continent. Let us establish a school there. There are 78,000 souls—if they have souls—of Calmucs, Creoles, native Indians, Kuriles, Aleutians, and Kodiaks, Kamschatkians and Esquimaux; and how pleasant it will be to teach them the rudiments! Fly with me, dear Maria! Do you not long for the snow shoes that will carry you over those vast steppes to a superior intelligence? An intelligence with nature, a communion with her visible forms, a relief from the world, and the sweet sympathy that we shall feel with the Aurora Borealis!

The reason why the Czar wishes to dispose of this fertile territory is because he cannot conquer the North Pole, that being the only Pole that has escaped his autocratic fist. It must be said, however, that it affords us many fine harbors for our whalers after petroleum, for heretofore we have had but one decent harbor on the Pacific coast, that is San Francisco. Now we shall have plenty of them, if we are lucky enough to find them in the fogs which are perpetual there.

The principal inhabitants of this vast territory are mountains. There is not a tree that will risk its vegetable life by attempting to grow there; the low lands are covered with moss instead of grass, and the best kind of Russian shred isinglass springs spontaneously from the crevices of the rocks. Of the amphibious animals, the green seal is most valued there, being highly prized by the Japanese; the Muscovy duck flies about in a very wild state in these high latitudes, while the double-headed eagle preys alike upon the Russ and the walrus. Most of the artificial teeth in the United States are made from the tusks of this latter animal, so that in future we shall get our teeth free of duty. The British having heretofore had an exclusive treaty with the Russian government to supply this place with food and ice-picks, no doubt this lucrative branch of commerce will fall into our hands. There is no doubt a vast quantity of gold hidden under the soil, as it has never made its appearance above the surface. It is proposed to get up a Russian Crushing Company to extract this valuable ore from the veins of Mt. St. Elias. Spruce trees not bigger than a wisp broom grow in some patches. These are valuable, as a beer is brewed from them very useful as a remedy for the scurvy. The castle at Archangel is very heavily garrisoned with 50 Calmucs and Cossacks, mounts 24 brass-mounted breech-loaders, five seven-pounders, twelve horse-pistols, two mountain howitzers, one governor, one Russian flag, two ensigns, and a fast team of Esquimaux dogs for flying artillery practice. The diplomatic correspondence with old Gowrowski, who is the governor of the fort, has not been published as yet, as he asserts the United States government cannot turn him out without the consent of the Senate. The vivid description of this enchanting country by Campbell will no doubt recur to the reader. Speaking of the hardy sailor on that coast, he says:

> "Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow,
> From wastes that slumber in eternal snow,
> And waft, across the wave's tumultuous roar,
> The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore."

◆

THE OATH.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

I.

"Don't forget me!" sighing sadly,
So my darling bade farewell;
Haply deeming I would gladly
Disenchant me of her spell.

II.

Ah! the siren! when did Beauty
Ask in vain Love's simple debt!
Or whene'er did languid Duty
Heed the warning, "Don't forget!"

III.

By her eyes where love reposes;
By her wreath of golden hair;
By her cheek's ungathered roses;
By her neck divinely fair;

IV.

By her bosom, throne of bliss,
Hiding from the wanton light,
Pale with envy at the kisses
That her bolder lips invite;

V.

By the hours so sweetly squandered
In the summer afternoons;
By the orchard where we wandered
In the sheen of harvest moons;

VI.

By the poets, new and olden,
Who in pity lent us speech
For the fancies, rare and golden,
That our words could never reach—

VII.

By all these my oath is given
Though my soul remember not
Earthly fame or hope of Heaven
She shall never be forgot!

◆

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

BY JAMES PARTON.

Henry the Eighth, King of England, had six wives. By the first of these, Catherine of Aragon, he had three sons and two daughters, all of whom died at an early age except one of the daughters, afterwards known as Bloody Mary. By his second wife, Anne Boleyn, he had one daughter, Elizabeth, the illustrious queen, who was but three years of age when her capricious father deprived her of a mother by cutting off her head. Henry's third wife was Jane Seymour, who became the mother of Edward, known in history as Edward VI.

All turns upon religion in the life of Elizabeth. Left an orphan by her father's death at the age of fourteen, she lived, during the brief reign of her brother Edward, in studious retirement, under the learned Roger Ascham, with whom, it is said, she read Latin and Greek, became proficient in music, and acquired a familiarity with the works of Luther, Melanchthon, and other Protestant writers. It is even said that she conversed well in the Greek language, and could talk with the principal ambassadors from foreign courts in their native tongues. In her youth, although not beautiful, she was an agreeable and fresh-looking girl, large boned, fully formed, with beautiful eyes and a remarkably pretty hand, which she liked to show.

After the death of her brother Edward and the accession to the throne of her Catholic sister, Mary, Elizabeth had a difficult and a dangerous part to play. Not only was she a Protestant in her heart, but she was the favorite and hope of the great Protestant party of England, which embraced all that was noblest and most progressive in the kingdom. A formidable revolt in the kingdom gave the Queen pretext for confining Elizabeth in the Tower of London, where she daily expected the tragic end which so many Protestants met during that bloody reign. Mary, however, relented so far as to permit her to reside at a country seat, under the strict and constant surveillance of a Catholic gentleman, who, however, treated her with the courtesy due to her sex and rank.

To save her life, she became a consummate hypocrite, professing the most unbounded devotion to the Catholic religion. She caused to be constructed in her house a chapel, in which the mass was daily said. A large crucifix, lighted by candles, hung from the walls of her room, and with her own hands she made priestly vestments and the decorations of sacred images. When she visited the court, she made it a point to follow the Queen in the religious processions, and thus succeeded in quieting the apprehensions of her suspicious and bigoted sister.

In her twenty-fifth year, this life of constraint and hypocrisy was suddenly terminated by the queen's death and her own accession to the throne. Seldom has a sovereign been received by a people with such profound and heart-felt joy as she was on her arrival in London. On her way to the Tower she passed by fifty gibbets, to which human bodies were suspended, all of whom had been executed that day under the cruel laws of her sister. But the reign of terror was at an end. To the thirteen Catholic councillors of Queen Mary she added seven others—all Protestants,—and she chose for her ministers able men inclined to the reformed religion. She still, however, proceeded with her usual caution. She was crowned by a Catholic bishop, and with Catholic rites, and avoided everything which looked like an intention to change the religion of the country.

If the Pope had been as prudent as she was, it is highly probable that she would have delayed or even avoided an open quarrel with the Roman Communion; but the Pope, Paul IV., immediately recalled to her memory that during her father's life-time, she had been solemnly pronounced an illegitimate child, and called upon her to submit her rights to the throne to the examination and decision of the Pontifical government. From that moment her part was taken. Her Parliament, directed by herself and her ministers, declared her the head of the English church, revived the prayer-book of Edward VI., forbade the use of any other in the churches, declared that no foreign prelate could have any authority over the church of England, and ordained that every priest should swear allegiance to the queen, both as head of the state and head of the church, and renounce the jurisdiction of every foreign ecclesiastic. The great majority of the clergy and people hailed this revolution with joy. There were at that time in England nine thousand four hundred beneficed clergymen. All of these took the requisite oath, except one hundred and thirty. Fourteen bishops, twelve deans, twelve archdeacons, and fifteen heads of colleges refused the oath, and lost their places.

This revolution in religion was the direct cause of the great war between England and Spain, which ended by the destruction of the Spanish Armada, by which the greatness of England was assured. That victory made Protestantism a power in Europe, and reduced Spain to the rank of a second-rate power.

In some particulars Elizabeth was one of the weakest of women. There is on record a curious conversation between her and one of the ambassadors of the Queen of Scotland, related by himself:

"She asked me," writes the ambassador, "what color was supposed to be most beautiful in human hair, and which had the prettiest hair—my Queen or herself. I replied that her hair and that of my sovereign were equally beautiful. As this reply did not satisfy her, I added, that she was the most beautiful woman in England, and that my Queen was the most beautiful woman in Scotland. She insisted, however, upon something more positive. I then said that she had the most beautiful skin, but that my sovereign was a very beautiful woman."

The questioning continued for some time—the Queen insisting upon comparing the stature, the musical talent, and the manner of dancing of herself and the Queen of Scotland. So anxious was she to convince this ambassador of her superiority in dancing, that she begged him to prolong his stay in London that he might witness her skill in that exercise.

As she advanced in life she became more rigorous and tyranical in matters of religion. During the last twenty-three years of her reign, fifty priests were executed, fifty-five were banished, and one hundred and ten private persons suffered death for the sake of their religion. To the last of her life she continued to delude her people with the expectation of her speedy marriage, which all England most fervently desired, for the sake of procuring a Protestant heir to the throne.

Her last days are thus described by the French ambassador resident at her Court:

"The Queen," he says, "scarcely sleeps, and eats much less than usual. Some are of opinion that her sickness is caused by her grief for the death of Lord Essex. Certain it is, that we see traces of profound melancholy in her countenance and in her actions. These two last days she has remained seated upon some carpets unable either to sit up or lie down. She kept one of her fingers in her mouth, and her eyes were fixed upon the ground. Compelled at length to take to her bed, and being questioned upon the choice of her successor, she answered:

"'I have told you that my throne was a king's throne—I do not wish to have a clodhopper for my successor.'"

She was asked to explain the meaning of this language.

"It is my wish," she replied, "to be succeeded by a king, and what king could it be if not my cousin of Scotland?"

Some hours after this conversation, she breathed her last, in the seventieth year of her age, and she was peacefully succeeded on the throne by James, King of Scotland, the son of the unfortunate Mary.

◆

A LESSON FROM AMAZONIAN VANITY.

It has been thought by wise men and philosophers, and even by poets (who, as we all know, are the most devoted vassals of the sex), that all women have in their hearts a liking for furbelows and trinkets. Virgil tells us that Camilla, after having shaken off all other female weaknesses, was still a woman in this particular. It seems that love of finery was the ruin of that eminent feminine warrior. After having widowed no end of Trojan wives with her tremendous sword, she espied a young gentleman from the many-gated city, who wore an embroidered tunic, a beautiful coat of mail and a mantle of Tyrian purple. "A golden bow hung upon his shoulder; his garment was buckled with a golden clasp, and his head was covered with a golden helmet." The splendid outfit of the youth set the Greek Amazon almost crazy. She thought, no doubt, that such a parade-suit would add greatly to her killing appearance, so she made at him like a tigress. But, alas, her vanity and greed proved her destruction, and Virgil leaves his lady-readers to draw a moral from her fate. The *Ledger* commends the little story to the attention of modern damsels of *ton*, and ventures to suggest that it is as pertinent to-day as it was when the Æneid was written.

◆

LADY-TALK.

To call the sex frivolous that has supplied the world with so many excellent wives and mothers—to say nothing of exemplary aunts, fond sisters, and indulgent grandmothers—would be scandalous. The *Ledger* disdains to utter or sanction such a libel. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that the usual conversation of young ladies who pride themselves on the tastefulness and richness of their toilettes, is not so intelligent and high-toned as it might be. They have much to say of dress goods, ribbons, laces, patterns, styles, and the like, and but little on subjects of a higher and nobler order. Not that the fair creatures lack eloquence: let those who think so hear one of them describe a ball or a wedding. They are not only fond of dazzling those silly moths known as "the beaux," but also of dazzling one another. In this way they encourage, or rather excite, each other to commit extravagances at which economy chides, and common sense laughs. A girl who has been accustomed to this kind of conversation necessarily becomes a worshipper of superficialities, and unless particularly well looked after by the home department, will be apt to be caught by some walking epitome of all the latest absurdities in male attire.

◆

The Second Installment of Mr. Beecher's Story.

When we read the first installment of Mr. BEECHER'S story, which is given in this number of the *Ledger*, it seemed to us that nothing better could possibly be written; but on reading the second installment, (which will appear next week,) we found it to be even ahead of the first in interest, instructiveness, wit, humor, and all those admirable qualities of description and character-drawing in which Mr. BEECHER stands pre-eminent. In the second installment he draws the gentleman *par excellence*, the clergyman, the doctor, the lawyer, the sleepy deacon, the wide-awake, good-hearted deacon and his rigid, censorious wife, and pictures to the life that after-meeting, Sunday interchange of thoughts and feelings among the members of a rural congregation which fault-finding people sometimes stigmatise as "village gossip." It is, in short, a great installment from beginning to end.

BORES.

The most vigilant constabulary is no safeguard against bores. They can pounce upon their prey in the common thoroughfare, under the very nose of uniformed authority, without incurring the slightest peril. They can hold *you*, but no policeman will hold *them*; nor will an action for unwarranted arrest lie against them in a court of equity. It ought to, perhaps, but it won't. They can even invade your domicile and insist upon the loan of your ears, with entire impunity. And yet ordinary burglary is a trifle compared with such an intrusion upon your peace and privileges. The burglar you can shoot, if you have nerve, and the knack of it; but—such is the monstrous dictum of the Code polite—you must be civil to the bore at the expense of conscience.

◆

Letters from Washington and Jefferson never Before Published.

We have obtained for publication in the *Ledger*, the following interesting letters by Washington and Jefferson. They are now published for the first time.

From Washington to Lord Stirling.

HEAD-QUARTERS, FREDERICKSBURG, }
14th October, 1778. }

MY LORD:—I have been waiting impatiently for the movements of the enemy, to come to an issue that might ascertain their intentions for the Winter—which has hitherto prevented my taking the present step—but the uncertainty in which they still continue involved—and the advanced season of the year, will no longer admit of delay in fixing upon a plan for the general disposition of the army in winter-quarters.—In determining this it will readily occur to you that the following particulars are to be considered—The security of the army itself—its subsistence and accommodation—the protection of the country—the support of our important posts—the relation which ought to be preserved with the French fleet, should it remain where it is,—depending on the degree of probability of a winter operation against it—and the succour it may derive from the troops under General Sullivan and the militia of the country.——After a full consideration of these points, and of any other matters requiring attention, you will be pleased to favor me with your opinion as speedily as possible.

The main questions to be decided are, whether the Army shall be kept in a collected state, and where—whether it shall be distributed into cantonments and in what manner and places—how soon it shall enter into quarters—and what precautions shall be used in respect to covering provisions and forage.

I am your lordship's most obed't serv't,

GEO. WASHINGTON.

MAJOR-GENERAL LORD STIRLING.

From Jefferson to Governor Mercer.

WASHINGTON, June 23, 1802.

DEAR SIR:—While we are fumbling about *forms* at the treasury, I am afraid you will think me long acknowledging your letter of the 5th. I therefore write you this *private* one, merely that you may acquit me of inattention. Our treasury will pay yours in the first week of July all the interest which will be then due on the 200,000 D.—to wit, 18,000 D. As to the 50,000 D. lent to the Comm'rs, Congress have taken measures to have both principal and interest paid on the 1st of Nov. without resorting to the Treasury of the Union, as will be explained in the *official* letter which will be written you as soon as some matters of form are settled at the Treasury. The account of Toussaint's arrest seems authentic. It will need good evidence to clear Le Clerc of perfidiousness in the eyes of the blacks. Should he fail to establish some new crime on Toussaint, some other black leader will arise, and a war of extermination ensue: for no second capitulation will ever be trusted by the blacks. Accept assurances of my affectionate esteem and high consideration.

TH. JEFFERSON.

GOVERNOR MERCER.

◆

Should a Faithful Old Clergyman be Treated Like a Worn-Out Horse?

When a man has a lame or sick horse that ordinary treatment will not cure, he generally turns him out to grass, in the hope that nature will do for him what science has failed to [illegible] fashionable churches [illegible] similar course with a pastor whose health [illegible] shattered in their service. They allow him for a season to throw off the harness, and make the tour of Europe, trusting that the consequent relaxation and change of scenery will bring him back to them with renewed health and vigor. In the case of the clergyman, as also with the horse, a substitute must be procured to do his work; but sometimes the substitute gives more satisfaction than the one whose place he occupies. In the case of the horse, for instance, a man may be so pleased—we might say, enraptured—with the animal that he has procured to do the work of his sick servant, that he cannot bear to part with him, notwithstanding he also likes the old horse; but the new one has so much more power, is so much more active and vigorous, and answers his purpose in every way so much better that he concludes to keep him, even if he has to part with the faithful creature that has served him so many years. This is the predicament in which the members of the Broadway Tabernacle church now are. Rev. Dr. THOMPSON, their pastor, is now abroad, seeking to restore his health; but Rev. Dr. HITCHCOCK, who has been preaching in his pulpit lately, is so much better liked, that many of the congregation desire to secure his services permanently; others, again, although they admit that Dr. HITCHCOCK is a man of superior ability, yet think—and we agree with them—that it would not be treating their faithful old pastor right, to turn him away as they would an old, worn-out horse. If they were to take our advice, they would secure the services of both gentlemen. The congregation is wealthy, and can well afford it. Dr. HITCHCOCK could do the heavy work—the work that requires a high order of intellect; and Dr. THOMPSON, from his long connection with the congregation and familiarity with the people, could do the light work, such as delivering impromptu addresses, (in which he excels), visiting the sick, officiating at funerals, &c., &c., without injury to his health. We simply make the suggestion, and leave the people to act upon it as they may think proper.

[The above paragraph, which appeared in the *Ledger*, two or three weeks ago, has, we learn, elicited considerable discussion among the members of the Broadway Tabernacle church. The principal objection urged against our suggestion is that the congregation—not being, it appears, as wealthy as we supposed it was—is not able to pay the salaries of two clergymen. Now, it strikes us, that this is a mere imaginary objection. A few of the wealthy members of the church could very easily subscribe the additional sum required. We will ourselves give one thousand dollars a year for five years, provided Dr. HITCHCOCK can be induced to accept a call; and surely those who are more interested in the church than we are, can, if they will only make the effort, raise the balance.—ED. LEDGER.]

◆

—In this number, we commence the publication of the new story, by HENRY WARD BEECHER, which we announced some time ago. It is said that on one occasion, during Mr. Beecher's residence at the West, a committee from the church where he preached called upon him to remonstrate against his saying so many witty things in his sermons. He replied to them, "*Brethren, if you only knew how much I keep back, you would never think of finding fault with me for what I say.*" In this story Mr. Beecher *keeps back* nothing. In it he gives full scope to all his faculties, and for the first time finds a fitting field in which to display his transcendent genius.

The hundreds of thousands who have heard Mr. BEECHER preach—the hundreds of thousands who have heard him lecture—the hundreds of thousands who, though they have never seen him, have read his previous writings, and know him well by reputation, will find in this story, as it progresses, a full and free expression of the whole man; and we firmly believe that the universal verdict will be, that NORWOOD is the greatest story that has been produced by any writer during the present century.

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—Our readers are aware that we have never spared either pains or expense to make the *Ledger* the most useful and instructive, as well as the most popular and entertaining paper in the country. With this end in view, we have commenced the publication of a series of contributions, written expressly for the *Ledger*, entitled, ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN, *being a series of twelve articles, by the Presidents of twelve of the principal Colleges in the United States*. The first article of the series appears in this number, and it is on *The Study of the Mathematics*, by President Hill, of Harvard College. The second of the series will succeed it in next week's *Ledger*. It is on *The Study of the Classics*, by President Woolsey, of Yale College.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

BY ETHEL LYNN.

"Which shall it be? which shall it be?"
I looked at John—John looked at me,
(Dear patient John, who loves me yet
As well as tho' my locks were jet,)
And when I found that I must speak
My voice seemed strangely low and weak.
"Tell me again what Robert said;"
And then I list'ning bent my head.
"This is his letter:"—
"I will give
A house and land while you shall live,
If, in return, from out your seven
One child to me for aye is given."

I looked at John's old garments worn,
I thought of all that John had borne
Of poverty and work and care,
Which I, though willing, could not share;
I thought of seven mouths to feed,
Of seven little children's need,
And then of this.
"Come, John," said I,
"We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep;" so walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band.

First to the cradle lightly stepped
Where Lilian the baby slept.
Her damp curls lay like gold alight
A glory 'gainst the pillow white.
Softly her father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily John, "Not her—not her."

We stooped beside the trundle-bed,
And one long ray of lamp-light shed
Athwart the boyish faces there
In sleep so pitiful and fair;
I saw on Jamie's rough red cheek
A tear undried. Ere John could speak,
"He's but a baby too," said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by.
Pale, patient Robbie's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace.
"No, for a thousand crowns, not him,"
We whispered while our eyes were dim.
Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son,
Turbulent, reckless, idle one—
Could he be spared? "Nay, he who gave
Bids us befriend him to his grave;
Only a mother's heart can be
Patient enough for such as he;
And so," said John, "I would not dare
To send him from her bedside prayer."
Then stole we softly up above
And knelt by Mary, child of love.
"Perhaps for her 'twould better be,"
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her cheek in wilful way,
And shook his head. "Nay, love, not thee,"
The while my heart beat audibly.
Only one more, our eldest lad,
Trusty and truthful, good and glad—
So like his father. "No, John, no—
I cannot, will not let him go."

And so we wrote in courteous way
We could not give one child away;
And afterward toil lighter seemed,
Thinking of that of which we dreamed,
Happy in truth that not one face
We missed from its accustomed place;
Thankful to work for all the seven,
Trusting the rest to One in Heaven.

* * *

WINNING HER WAY.

By MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "BRITOMARTE, THE MAN-HATER," "SELF-MADE," "THE HIDDEN HAND," ETC., ETC.

[For the benefit of our *new* readers, we give a synopsis of that portion of this story which has been already published in the *Ledger*, so that after perusing this paragraph they can go on and read the continuation of the story as understandingly as if they had read [illegible] part. The hero, Alexander Lyon, who [illegible], of Lyon Hall, in [illegible] Anna Lyon, the grandchild of the General, were betrothed in early childhood, by their parents. The wedding day had been twice fixed; and it had been twice postponed on account of death. In the meantime, Alexander had fallen madly in love with, and secretly married, Drusilla Sterling, the daughter of his mother's old housekeeper, and an orphan of wonderful beauty and genius, whom his mother, before her death, had been very fond of. After their marriage, he took his child-bride to live at a cottage called Cedarwood, near Washington, D. C. While in the Capital, one day, he unexpectedly met his uncle, General Lyon, and Anna, his betrothed. The General insisted on Alexander's at once taking the place of cavalier to Anna, and escorting her to all the balls and parties of the season, and also to the theatre, the opera, and concerts; so that he was daily obliged to be in Washington till after midnight and sometimes till near morning, to his maddening embarrassment and the great distress of his young wife. He repeatedly resolved to tell his uncle of his marriage to Drusilla, and so break the galling thraldom, but deferred it for one reason and another, until, discovering that Anna preferred another cousin (whom he hated) named Dick Hammond to himself, and also that by reason of a technical informality in his marriage ceremony he was not legally bound to Drusilla, he determined to repudiate her and marry Anna. So, deceiving his poor young wife by various pretexts, he prepared for his marriage with his cousin. But Dick Hammond, learning the truth about Drusilla, informed her of what was going on, and she, in the depth of her devotion to her unworthy husband, and without thinking of herself at all, hastened to Old Lyon Hall, to prevent him from committing what she believed would be bigamy and expose him to the shame of imprisonment in the Penitentiary. She arrived in time, and finding Anna, told her story. Anna listened with amazement and relief, for she really wanted an excuse to break with Alexander that she might marry Dick, who had also come to the Hall to attend her wedding. So she and Dick argued Drusilla, whose first name was fortunately Anna, into taking her (Anna Lyon's) place in the ceremony, under the cover of a thick bridal veil and lights "accidentally" turned low down by Dick, and be actually married to her treacherous husband beyond all peradventure. This was done, and then the discovery took place in the presence of the clergyman, the General, Anna and Dick. Alexander was furious, and after a "scene," left the hall, cursing all parties and vowing never to set eyes on his wife again. The old General took Drusilla to his home and heart, as he also did her babe, which was born a few days afterwards. And in that home of abundance and peace the following chapter finds them: Drusilla happy in her babe; Anna happy because she can now marry Dick Hammond; and the old General happy because he has a chance to bestow happiness on others.]

CHAPTER XLIX.

UNCHANGING LOVE.

> "Kind friends may be to thee,
> But love like hers thou'lt see,
> Never again."

Rest, peace, love, comfort were now Drusilla's portions.

It was a new experience to the poor, discarded, and deposed young wife to find herself the central object of interest in a family like General Lyon's, her health and happiness watched over and provided for with the most affectionate solicitude.

She had not a care in the world. She scarcely had a regret. She knew the worst. She knew that her last act had banished Alexander from her side. But when she looked upon her boy's face, and reflected that no stigma now rested upon his baby brow, she could not regret her act. With the child-like simplicity of her character, she "accepted the situation."

In the sunshine of this sweet old home, her heart expanded to all kindly sympathies.

She—the orphan girl, who had never been blessed by a father's tender care, deeply responded to the affection bestowed on her by old General Lyon, and really doted on the fine veteran. At his desire she called him uncle; but she loved him as a father. She would watch and listen for his footsteps, in his daily visit to her sick room; and she would kiss and fondle his aged hands, and then lift up her boy to receive his blessing.

And often on these occasions the veteran's eyes filled with tears, as he glanced from the childish mother to the child, and murmured:

"Poor children! poor children! while I live you shall be my children."

Anna was not less kind than her grandfather to Drusilla.

And she, the only daughter, who had never before known a sister's companionship, loved Miss Lyon with a sister's love, and delighted in her cheerful society.

She felt friendly towards Dick, and was very fond of the attentive old servants. Indeed, her loving, sunny spirit went out on all around her.

But her greatest joy was in her child. She would soothe him to sleep with the softest, sweetest notes, and after laying him in his cradle, she would kneel and gaze on his sleeping face for hours.

Mammy protested against this idolatry; but Drusilla answered her:

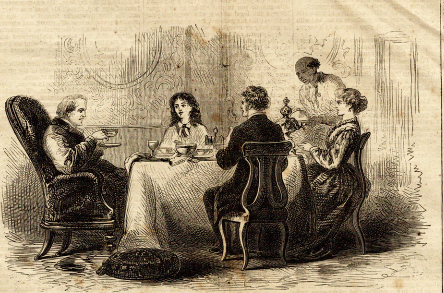
"It is not idolatry, nurse; because I do not place the gift before the Giver. There is not an instant in my life that I am not conscious of fervent gratitude to the Lord for giving me this child, a gift forever and ever; a gift for time and eternity; oh, nurse, a gift, of which nothing on earth or in Heaven can ever deprive me!"

"Don't say that, ma'am; the Lord might take the child," said mammy, solemnly.

"I know that, nurse. The Lord might take him to Heaven, to save him from the evil in this world; but he would be safe there, for the Lord would take care of him for me, and give him back to me when I myself should reach the Blessed Land," she answered, reverently.

And mammy had nothing more to say.

How closely the young mother watched the tiny growth of her child, and the faint development of his intelligence. She could see progress where no one else could perceive the slightest sign of it. She discovered that "he" "took notice," long before any one could be brought to acknowledge that such a prodigy was possible. Her delight when her boy first smiled in his sleep, or when she fancied he did, was something almost ludicrous. She was kneeling by his cradle, watching his slumbers as usual, when she suddenly cried out, though in a hushed voice:



BREAKFAST AT LYON HALL.

"Oh, Anna! Cousin Anna! look! look! he is laughing! he is indeed! *See* how he is laughing!"

Miss Lyon came and bent over the cradle. So did mammy, who drew back again, saying:

"Lor! why that aint no laugh, ma'am; that's wind—leastways, it is a grimace caused by wind on the stomach, and I must give him some catnip when he wakes."

Now, if Drusilla's sweet face had been capable of expressing withering contempt mammy would have been shrivelled up to a mummy; but as it was she could only appeal from the nurse to Miss Lyon.

"Anna, look at him—he *is* laughing, or, at the very least, smiling—is he not?"

"Yes, my darling, he is certainly smiling; and you know the old folks say when an infant smiles in its sleep it dreams of Heaven and sees angels."

"And I do believe that is true—it must be true! And my little cherub sees his guardian angels!" exclaimed Drusilla, delightedly.

"I tell you, ma'am," began mammy, "it is nothing but jest win——Owtch!" she exclaimed, suddenly breaking off as Anna trod heavily upon her corns.

And presently mammy limped off to make the threatened catnip tea, leaving the two young women to the enjoyment of their faith in the sleeping baby's Heavenly visions.

For the first few weeks infants' eyes are of no particular form, color or expression, but merely little liquid orbs folded up in fat. But very soon Drusilla made very great discoveries in her infant's eyes. Sitting alone one morning, and gazing down upon the babe that lay smiling on her lap, she murmured:

"Oh, Alick, Alick, dear, you have torn yourself away from me, and have gone. But you could not deprive me of your *eyes*, my Alick! They look up at me from my baby's face, and while they do so I can never cease to love you and pray for you, Alick, my Alick!"

Since his desertion this was the only occasion upon which she had ever breathed his name, and even now it was only in half audible murmurs as she talked to herself, or to her babe.

By the other members of the family Alexander's name was never mentioned. General Lyon had given no orders to this effect, but the subject was tacitly dropped by all as one unspeakably painful and humiliating.

General Lyon, who loved the delicate, dove-eyed little woman with a fatherly fondness, would not let her confine herself to her own apartments a day longer than was necessary. He first of all wiled her down to the afternoon tea, and then after a few days, coaxed her down to dinner; and on the Sunday following sent for her to join the family circle at breakfast.

The "family circle" at this time comprised only General Lyon, Anna, Dick, and Drusilla.

Dick had remained at Old Lyon Hall ever since Alexander's exodus, with the exception of one day when he rode over to Hammondville, where he had left the parson and the lawyer to tell them that their services would not be required, and to remunerate and dismiss them.

Since that day Dick had made a clean breast of it to his uncle, and had won a conditional consent to his marriage with Anna; the engagement being encumbered with a probation of one year.

"I shall be an old maid yet if I live long enough," said Anna, laughing when she heard from Dick of this decision. "My marriage day has been fixed and my marriage interrupted three times! and at every interruption it has been deferred for one year, only to be interrupted again at the end of it."

"I don't complain of all the other interruptions, but, Anna, let us make sure of a marriage this time by going off by ourselves and getting it done," said Anna's lover.

"For shame, Dick," was all the answer she vouchsafed him.

"We are of age," urged her suitor.

"So much the worse, sir, for we should know better," said Anna.

And Dick ceased to push the question.

It drew near the Christmas Holidays, and the weather was very fine for the season.

General Lyon invited and pressed his adopted niece to take drives in the picturesque vicinity of the hall.

But Drusilla answered that she wished her first going out should be to the house of God, in acknowledgement of his great mercy in preserving her and her child amid so many dangers, and raising up to them such dear friends.

And the conscientious old soldier could urge the matter no farther.

One Friday morning Anna and Drusilla were seated together as usual—the baby sleeping in the cradle between them—when Anna said:

"Drusilla, my dear, you are going to church next Sunday?"

"Yes, I am; Providence permitting, Anna."

"Do you know it will be Christening Sunday?"

"No, I didn't, Anna."

"Well, it will be. Now wouldn't you like to have your boy christened?"

"Oh, yes; indeed I should, bless him!"

"And I will be his godmother, and grandpa and Dick shall be his godfathers. You know, being a boy, he will require two godfathers and one godmother. If he were a girl, the matter would be reversed. Now what do you say, my dear?"

"I thank you very much, dear Anna, for your kindness in thinking of all this. And I shall be very grateful to you and dear uncle and cousin Dick for becoming sponsors for my darling boy," said Drusilla, earnestly.

"And the christening is to go on?"

"Certainly, dear Anna, if you please."

"What name will you give your child?"

"If dear uncle would permit me, I should like to name my boy for him—'Leonard.'"

"And not Alick?" inquired Anna.

It was the first time for weeks past that she had uttered his name; and she did it now in a sort of triumph in the thought that his discarded wife had ceased to care for him.

"And not Alick?" she repeated, seeing that Drusilla hesitated to answer.

"No, not Alick," the young mother now replied, calmly and gravely.

"That is right; I am glad of it! Very glad of it!" exclaimed Anna, with such righteous indignation and exultation combined that the young wife looked at her in surprise and sorrow.

"I think you mistake me, dear cousin," she said. "The only reason why I do not call my child after his father is this:—I have already *one* Alick, *but* one Alick, and I can never have another. I cannot even bear that my child should have his name. I want but one Alick in the whole world."

"Goodness knows, I think one of that sort would be quite enough!" exclaimed Anna.

Drusilla looked at her in gentle reproach.

"Is it *possible*, child, that you still love that scamp?" scornfully demanded Miss Lyon.

"Oh, Anna dear, yes! He *used* to love me too; he was very kind to me, from the days when I was a poor little sickly, ignorant girl till within a short time ago. Oh, Anna, shall the madness of a few months make me forget all the loving kindness of many long years? Never, Alick, dear, never," she murmured, dropping her voice as in soliloquy; "I will still love you and pray for you and trust in you—for I know Alick, dear—*when you come to yourself you will come to me*. I can wait for that time."

Anna gazed on the inspired young face in amazement that gradually gave way to reverence, and even to awe.

"Drusilla," she said, solemnly, "I retract all I ever said against Alexander, and I promise never to open my lips to his prejudice again."

Drusilla looked up gratefully but—inquiringly.

"Your eyes thank me, but you wish to know why I say this. I will tell you: It is because you make me begin to believe in that man. Your faith in him affects me. There *must* be some great reserve of good somewhere latent and undeveloped in his nature, to have drawn forth such a faith as yours. But were he the greatest sinner that ever darkened the earth, such love as yours would make him sacred."

CHAPTER L.

CALM DELIGHTS.

> Now has descended a serener hour,
> And with reviving fortunes. SHELLEY.

The next morning Anna entered Drusilla's room, followed by Matty, bearing a large work-basket filled with cambric white as snow, and lace as fine as cobweb.

"Set it down here at my feet, Matty, and go," said Miss Lyon, sinking into one of the arm-chairs.

Opposite to her sat Drusilla, and between them, of course, lay the sleeping baby in the cradle.

"Here, my dear," said Anna, calling the young mother's attention to the contents of the basket, "I have overhauled all my bureaus and boxes in search of these materials; for you know if our baby is to be christened on Sunday next he must have a fine robe, and you and I must set to work immediately to make it."

"Oh, thanks, dear Anna, for your constant thoughtfulness of me and my babe. I have some very beautifully embroidered robes at Cedar Wood, but nurse did not think it necessary to bring them, and so I have none here but very plain white slips," said Drusilla, gratefully.

"Well, now get your scissors ready, for I know nothing about cutting out a baby's robe, so you will have to do that part of the work, but I will seam and tuck and gather and trim with anybody," said Anna, beginning to unrol the snowy cambric.

And Drusilla's nimble fingers soon shaped out the little dress, and the two young women set to work on it with as much delight as ever two little girls took in dressing a doll.

When they had settled the style of the trimming to their mutual satisfaction, and had then worked in silence for some time, Drusilla looked up and said:

"I wonder if dear General Lyon will like to have me name my poor discarded little baby after him?"

"Of course he will. It will be a compliment paid to him—though a well-merited one to him," replied Anna.

"No, dear, it will not be a compliment paid to him, but a favor asked by me, and my heart misgives me that possibly he may not like it."

"Foolish little heart, to have such misgivings! Why don't you set the doubt at rest by asking him and finding out what he will answer?"

"No, no, Anna, I cannot do that, because he is so kind that he would be sure to give me a prompt and cheerful consent, no matter how much secret reluctance he might have to the measure."

"Then if you never propose the matter to him, I don't see how you will accomplish your purpose."

"By *your* means, dear Anna, I hope to do so."

"How by my means, you absurd little thing?"

"I want you to find out in some other delicate way than by direct questioning whether my wish would be agreeable to General Lyon."

"I will try; but, I warn you, I am a very bad diplomat."

Whether Miss Lyon was really a bad diplomat or not, she did not seem to think it at all necessary to sound the General on the subject in the manner Drusilla desired; but as she sat with her grandfather in the drawing-room that night, she suddenly said:

"We are going to have our baby christened next Sunday, grandpa, and his mother wants to name him after you."

"Does she, indeed, the dear child? I had not expected such a thing," exclaimed the old man.

"That is, if you have no objection, sir."

"Objection! why I am delighted!"

"I am glad you like the plan."

"Like it? why I have never in my life been more pleased or more surprised! I shall make Master Leonard Lyon, a very handsome christening present!"

"That's a darling grandpa! But listen. Don't say a word to Drusilla about the present, beforehand. She is no more mercenary for her child than she is for herself, and she is the most sensitive person I ever met with in my life."

"All right, Anna! I shall say nothing of the present. But you, my little house-keeper, you must see that a proper christening feast is prepared to do honor to our boy."

"You may safely leave that to me, sir."

The next morning was cold, dark and stormy.

Drusilla was forbidden by her nurse to go down stairs, and so she had her breakfast up in her own room.

When the service was cleared away, and she was seated before the fire, with the babe in her arms, General Lyon entered the room.

She arose with a countenance beaming with welcome, and was about to lay her babe down, that she might set a chair for her visitor, when he pleasantly signed to her to resume her seat, and he brought one to the fire for himself.

"Anna tells me, my dear, that you design me the honor of naming your fine boy after me," he said, seating himself.

"If you will please to permit me to do so, sir, the honor will be mine, and will make me happy," said Drusilla, blushing deeply.

"My child, I cannot express how much I thank you; how gratified and pleased I feel."

Drusilla looked down, quite overpowered by the fervency of these acknowledgments, on the part of the old hero.

"You must know, my dear," he continued, "I have always secretly longed for another Leonard Lyon to represent me, when I shall be gone; but scarcely had a hope to see one during my life. Leonard Lyon is a very ancient family name with us, and has been kept up in every generation, except the last. It failed there, because I had never been blessed with a son; and my brother had but one, and he was named after the family of his mother, who was a Miss Alexander. Thus, you see, the ancient name, Leonard Lyon, would have become extinct in me, had you not determined to revive and perpetuate it in your son. Heaven bless you for the kind thought, my dear, for it has made me very happy," said the old gentleman, earnestly.

"I fervently thank Heaven, sir, for giving me the power of pleasing you in this matter," murmured the blushing, young mother, in a low and tremulous voice.

"And this I will say, my child, that the name your boy will bear, has never, in the thousand years of its existence, been sullied by a shadow of dishonor."

"I know it has been borne by heroes and sages, and by none others. I hope and pray that my boy will prove worthy of his noble ancestry," fervently breathed Drusilla.

"That, I feel sure, he will! If Heaven should grant me a few more years of life, I shall take great delight in watching the growth of little Leonard Lyon," replied the old gentleman, as he arose, and kissed the mother and the babe, and left the room.

The following Sunday proved to be a very fine day. At an early hour, the capacious family carriage of General Lyon was at the door, well warmed and aired for the reception of the delicate mother and the tender infant.

Not even on her first bridal day, had Drusilla looked so lovely as she did now, when she came down stairs, dressed for church, her delicate, pale beauty, still more tenderly softened by her simple bonnet of white velvet, and wrappings of white furs.

She was attended by mammy, dressed in her Sunday's best, and carrying the baby, richly arrayed in his christening robes.

General Lyon, Anna, Drusilla, the nurse and the baby, rode in the carriage.

Dick Hammond, on horseback, escorted them.

The parish church was at Saulsburg, six, eight, or ten miles off, according to conflicting statements. So early as they set out, they were not likely to be much too early to join in the commencement of the service.

When they reached the turnpike gate, they found old Andy on duty.

Seeing Dick cantering on in advance of the approaching carriage, he placed himself behind the gate, and lifted up both his arms, while he called aloud to his wife:

"Jenny, woman! coom out wi' ye, and tak the toll, whiles I stand here to keep yon daft laddie frae louping o'er the bar again!"

In answer to the summons, Jenny appeared just in time to receive Mr. Hammond, who quietly drew rein before the door, paid for himself, and the carriage behind him, and then with a bow, rode on his way.

The carriage followed; but as it passed, Mrs. Birney got a glimpse of the passengers inside and after doing so, she dropped her chin, and lifted her eyebrows, and remained transfixed and staring, like one demented.

"Eh, woman! what's coom o'er ye? Are ye bewitched?" questioned Mr. Birney, as he passed her, in going into the house.

"Na, gudeman, I'm no' bewitched; but just amazed like! Didna ye see yon bonny leddy lying back among the cushions? She that was all happed about wi' braw white velvets and furs?"

"Aweel, and what of her?"

"Hech, gudeman, she's na ither than the puir bit lassie that came ben to us the night o' the grand storm."

"Hout, woman! hauld your tongue! no' to ken the differ between a born leddy like this ane, and a young gilpey like yon!"

"I ken weel the differ between a leddy and a gilpey! And I dinna need *dress* to instruct me in it either, gudeman. I kenned the lass was na gilpey when I saw her in her auld grey cloak; and I kenned her again in the bit glint I had of her bonny face as she lay back in her braw velvets and furs, wi' her wee bairn by her side. Eh! but I'd like to hear the rights iv that!"

"The rights o' what, woman?"

"The grand wedding pit aff again; the fine bridegroom ganging aff in a jiffey; this young, bonny leddy and her bairn made so muckle iv by the whole family. But it's na gude to speer questions. The minister will na speak; the doctor will na speak; the vera serving lads and lasses will na speak, although on ordinary occasions they're a' unco fond o' clackin their clavers. But we shall hear, gude man! we shall hear! Secrets like yon canna be kept, e'en gif they be stappit up in a bottle."

"Gudewife, ye'll do weel to gie your attention to your ain proper business and no meddle wi' that whilk dinna concern you. The auld general pit us here to keep the gate, and no to speer questions into his preevate affairs. And though the situation is na sick a gude ane, it might be waur. Sae we'll behoove to gie na offence wi' meddling," said Andy, as he sat down and opened his big Bible to read.

Meanwhile the Lyon family went on to church, which they entered just as the organ had ceased playing and the minister was opening his book.

It was not until after the last lesson of the morning service was over that the announcement was made:

"All persons having children to present for baptism will now bring them forward."

Our whole party left their pew and proceeded to the font.

General Lyon, as senior sponsor, took the babe in his arms and presented him to the minister. Dick, as junior sponsor, stood by.

Anna was sole godmother.

And amid the customary prayers, promises, and benedictions, the child received the time-honored name of Leonard Lyon.

On their way home, the whole party congratulated each other with much affection and cheerfulness.

But withal, Dick, riding along slowly by the side of the carriage, was visited with some very serious reflections. He felt the great moral and religious responsibility of the office he had undertaken. And thus he communed with himself:

"General Lyon is aged and cannot be expected to live very much longer. Anna is a woman. On me must devolve the duty of looking after that boy. Good Heavens! However did they come to think of making such a good for nothing dog as I am godfather to that innocent baby? It is enough to make my hair stand on end to think of it. The fact is, I must strike a light and look about myself. I must, I positively must and will, thoroughly mend my ways and reform my life! not only for Anna's sake—who knows me already, and takes me for better for worse with her eyes wide open—but for this innocent babe's sake, upon whom, without his knowledge or consent, they have thrust me for a godfather! No more gambling, no more drinking, no more carousing with scamps, and squandering of money. Dick, my boy! Remember that you are godfather to Master Leonard Lyon, and responsible for his moral and religious education. And you must be equal to the occasion and true to the trust."

So profound were Dick's cogitations that he found himself at Old Lyon Hall before he was conscious of the fact.

He sprang from his horse in time to assist the old gentleman and the young ladies to alight.

And they all entered the house, where Drusilla was greeted by a pleasant surprise.

CHAPTER LI.

SURPRISES.

Were her eyes open? Yes, and her mouth, too:
Surprise has this effect to make one dumb.
Yet leave the gate which eloquence slips through
As wide as if a long speech were to come. BYRON.

The family party first separated to go to their several chambers to lay aside their outside wrappings and to prepare for their early Sunday dinner.

Then they met in the drawing-room.

Drusilla, who had more to do than the others, was the latest to join them.

Her baby, that had slept soundly during the long ride from church, was now awake and required attention.

While she was engaged in her sweet maternal duties, she received a message from General Lyon requesting that his godson might be brought down into the drawing-room before dinner.

So as soon as the young mother had made herself and her child presentable, she went down stairs, followed by the nurse carrying the babe.

On the threshold of the room she paused in pleased surprise; and not so much at the value of the presents displayed before her, as at the new instance of kindness on the part of her friends.

On a round table covered with a fine crimson cloth were laid the christening offerings, of great splendor for their kind.

There was a richly chased silver casket filled with gold coins from General Lyon. There was a baby's silver gilt service—consisting of waiter, pap bowl, water jug, and drinking mug, cream pot, sugar basin, sugar tongs and spoons—from Dick. And there was a coral and bells of the finest coral, purest gold, and most superb workmanship, from Anna.

"Dear uncle! dear Anna and Dick, how kind, oh, how kind, you all are to me and my boy! I can not tell you how much I feel your kindness. I am very grateful; and I hope, oh, I hope, my dear little Leonard will live to thank you!" fervently exclaimed Drusilla, pressing the hand of her aged benefactor to her heart, and lifting her eyes full of loving gratitude to her young friends, who stood side by side enjoying her delight.

"My dear, it gives us as much pleasure to offer you these little tokens of our affection as it can possibly give you to receive them," answered General Lyon, drawing her towards him and touching her forehead with his lips.

"It does indeed, sweet cousin," added Dick.

And Anna, for her answer, silently kissed the young mother.

"And now to dinner, which has been announced for twenty-minutes," smiled the old gentleman, drawing Drusilla's arm within his own and leading the way to the dining-room, where a feast of unusual elegance was laid in honor of the occasion.

The day closed in serene enjoyment.

When Drusilla retired to her room that evening, she found that the christening presents had been transferred from the round table in the drawing-room to an elegant little cabinet that had been purchased to receive them and placed in the nursery.

Before she went to bed she knelt down and thanked Heaven for the mercies that now blessed her life.

As her head rested on her pillow, with the face of the sleeping babe near her, softly seen by the subdued light of the shaded lamp, she wondered at the peace that had descended upon her troubled spirit and made her calmly happy.

Had she then ceased to loved her faithless husband?

Ah, no! for pure love like hers is of immortal life and can not die. But she had ceased to sorrow for him, for sorrow is of mortal birth and cannot live forever.

She felt safe under the fatherly care of the fine old head of the family, cheerful in the company of her affectionate young friends, Dick and Anna, and happy—oh, deeply, unutterably happy!—in the possession of her beautiful boy. She felt no trouble.

"Baby fingers, waxen touches pressed it from the mother's breast."

She never heard from Alick; but then, as she did not expect to hear from him, she was not disappointed.

She never heard from Cedarwood either; but then as she had left directions with the servants only to have letters written to her in case of necessity, she felt that, in this instance, "no news is good news."

Mammy was growing rather restive and desirous of returning to her home, but Drusilla besought her to remain a little longer at Old Lyon Hall.

"Wait," she said, "until the next spell of fine weather, when baby will be able to travel, and I too will return to Cedarwood. I must not stay away from the home provided for me by my husband, nor yet tax the hospitality of my dear friends longer."

Mammy looked puzzled, for though the faithful old household-servants had carefully forborne to speak of unpleasant family affairs in the presence of the nurse, whom they looked upon as a stranger and an alien, still she *had* heard enough to give her the impression that young Mr. Lyon had abandoned his wife. Therefore Mammy was rather bewildered by this talk of returning to Cedarwood.

"I do not think as the General and the young people will consent to part with you, ma'am; and indeed I think it will a'most break all their hearts to lose little Master Leonard," said the nurse.

"I know they will not like it, because they are so kind to us—so very kind, and therefore I have shrunk from mentioning it to them; but my duty is clear—I must go to my own home and I must advise them of my purpose without delay."

"Well, ma'am, certingly, if they wants your company ever so, they aint got no power to keep you ag'in' your will; and so, ma'am, if you is set to go home first fine spell arter Christmas, I reckon as I can wait and see you safe through," said the nurse, graciously.

"Thank you; it will be a great favor," replied Drusilla.

The time was drawing near to the Christmas holidays—a season always hitherto observed by the Lyons with great festivity—when they had been unbounded in their hospitality and munificent in their presents.

On this occasion, some five or six days before Christmas, General Lyon sent Dick to Richmond, armed with a handful of blank checks signed and left to be filled up at pleasure, and commissioned to purchase the most elegant and appropriate holiday gifts that he could find, for every member of the family and every household servant; but above all, to get a handsome perambulator, a crib bedstead, and—a hobby horse for Master Leonard.

"Good gracious me, grandpa!" had been Anna's exclamation on hearing of this last item, "what on earth do you think a baby of a few weeks old can do with a hobby horse?"

"I don't know, my dear, but I wish to give it to him."

"He won't be able to sit on it for three years to come."

"And I may not live to see that time, my dear, and as I wish to give it to him I must do so now. It can be kept for him, you know. And now, while we are on the subject, I wish to ask you to have one of the many rooms in this house fitted up as a playroom for him. Let it be as near the nursery as possible; and whatever childish treasures I may purchase may be put there and kept until he is old enough to enjoy them."

This conversation had taken place in the presence of Drusilla; but as no part of it had been addressed to her, she only expressed her gratitude for the intended kindness by glancing thankfully from one speaker to the other.

But she felt more strongly than ever that, however reluctant she might be to announce her intended departure from such kind friends, it was incumbent upon her to do so before they should make any material change in their household arrangements for her sake.

So after a little hesitation she commenced:

"Dear friends, while ever I live in this world I shall remember your goodness to me, and with my last breath I shall pray Heaven to bless you for it. But——"

"We have pleased *ourselves* in this, my dear; so say nothing more about it," smiled the old gentleman, laying his hand kindly on her head.

"Thanks—a thousand thanks, dear sir; but I feel that I must soon leave you——"

"Leave us!" echoed General Lyon, Anna and Dick all in a breath.

"It is time for me to return to my home," she said, gently.

"Your home, Drusilla!" said General Lyon, in a grave and tender voice. "Poor child, where will you find so proper a home as this, where your relations with us give you the right to stay, and where our affection for you makes you more than welcome?"

"Nowhere, indeed, sir, but in the house provided for me by—*my husband*," answered Drusilla, breathing the last two words in a scarcely audible tone.

"Ah! he has come to his senses; he has written and entreated you to join him. For the sake of my faith in human nature I am glad that he has done so," said the General.

"Oh, no, he has not yet written to me," smiled Drusilla.

"But you have heard from him?"

"No, not since that night."

"Then what do you mean, my dear, by talking of the home he has provided for you?"

"I mean the cottage to which he took me when we were first married—Cedarwood, near Washington."

"Where you suffered such cruel mental anguish as I should think would render the very thought of the place hateful to you, my poor child," said General Lyon, compassionately.

Drusilla gave him a pleading look that seemed to pray him to say nothing that might even by implication reproach her absent husband; and then she added:

"There were other memories and associations connected with Cedarwood, dear sir. The first few weeks of my married life were very happy; and my housekeeping and gardening very cheerful and pleasant."

"But all that is changed. Why go back there now?"

"Because it is my proper home."

"Yet—he—that man has not invited you to return?"

"No, but then I left of my own accord, and now that I am able to travel, it is my duty to go back, though uninvited. I must not wait to be asked to return to my post," said the young wife.

The General was silent and thoughtful for a few moments, and then he said, firmly:

"My child, you must think no more of this."

She looked at him; but hesitated to oppose him, and when she did answer she spoke gravely and gently:

"Dear sir, it is *right* for me to go."

"Drusilla, think no more of this, I say," he repeated, and this time with an air of assured authority.

"Dear uncle, why do you say so?"

"I might answer, it would be too painful to me to part with you and your boy."

"Thanks for saying that, sir. I too, feel that to leave this safe, sweet old home, and these loving friends, will be very painful; duty often is so; but not for that must we fail in it."

"Drusilla! I repeat that you must not think of taking this step! Not only has your unworthy——"

She looked at him so deprecatingly, that he broke off his speech and began anew.

"Well, well, I will not wound you if I can help it, my dear!—I say, not only has your husband not *invited* you to return to your home, but he has positively *forbidden* you to do so. Do you remember, poor child, the terms he used in discarding you?"

"Words spoken in the 'short madness' of anger. I do not wish to remember them, dear General Lyon," she sweetly answered.

"My child! do you know where to write to him?"

"Oh no, sir."

"Do you think that he will write to you? or do you hope that he will join you at Cedarwood?"

"Oh no, dear uncle! at least, not for a long time. But I hope that he will feel some interest in his child, and he will inquire about it, and when he finds out what a beautiful boy it is, he will come to see it; and then, then—for the boy's sake he will forgive the mother."

"Forgive! Heaven of Heavens, girl! what has he to forgive in you?" indignantly demanded Anna.

"That which a man seldom pardons—although it was done from love to him and his child," answered Drusilla, in a low voice.

"Then you really have a hope that he will rejoin you at Cedarwood?" inquired General Lyon.

"At some future day, sir, yes."

"And in the meanwhile you live alone there?"

"No, sir, not quite; but with my boy and servants."

"And how do you propose to support the little establishment, my dear? Come, I wish to know your ideas; though I dare say, poor child, you have never thought of the subject."

"Oh yes, dear sir, I have. In the first place, I have nearly fifteen hundred dollars in money, left at home; that will keep us in moderate comfort for two years, especially as I have abundance of everything else on the premises—furniture, clothing and provisions, in the house; and a kitchen garden, an orchard, poultry yard and dairy, on the place. So, at the very worst, I could keep a market farm," smiled Drusilla.

"But in the meanwhile live alone, or with only your infant babe and your young servants?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I tell you, Drusilla, that you must not, shall not do so," repeated the General, with emphasis.

"Oh, sir, why would you hinder me?" she pleaded, lifting her imploring eyes to his face.

"For your salvation, dear child," he answered, very gently.

"But how for my salvation, dear uncle?"

"Drusilla, you cannot know, only Heaven can know, how difficult, how *impossible* it is for a young forsaken wife to live alone, and escape scandal."

"But, dear sir, if I do right, and trust in the Lord, I have nothing to fear."

"Poor child! I must answer you in the words of another old bore, as meddlesome as perhaps you think me—'Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny.'"

"But, sir, in addition to all that, I mean to be very discreet, to live very quietly with my little household, and to see no company whatever, except you and Anna, if you should honor me with a visit, and to make no visits except here."

"But you must go to church sometimes; and when your babe is ailing, you must see a doctor; also it will be necessary occasionally to have your chimneys swept; and the tax-gatherer will make you an annual visit."

"Of course, dear sir," she smiled.

"And yet you hope to preserve your good name?—Ah! my dear child, no forsaken wife, living alone can do so, much less one so very young and inexperienced as yourself. If the venomous 'fangs of malice' can find no other hold upon you, they will assail you through—the Christian minister who brings you religious consolation for your sorrows; the family physician who attends you in your illness, to save your life; to the legal adviser who manages your business; the tax-gatherer, the chimney-sweep, or anybody or everybody whom church, state, or need should call into your house."

"Ah, sir! that is very severe! I hope it is not as you think. I believe better of the world than that," said Drusilla.

"When the world has stung you nearly to death or to madness, my dear, you may judge more truly and less tenderly of it. And now, Drusilla, hear me. You do not go to Cedarwood; you do not leave our protection until your husband claims you of us. Let the subject drop here at once, and forever."

Drusilla bowed her head in silence; but she was not the less resolved at heart to return to Cedarwood, and risk all dangers, in the hope that her husband might some day join her there.

But Destiny had decided Drusilla's course in another direction.

The event that prevented her return to Cedarwood shall be related in the next chapter.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

LIMA--PIZARRO AND HIS DEATH.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

About eight months ago, I was in the capital of Peru, and viewed the tomb of Francisco Pizarro, its conqueror, which lies beneath the grand solid-silver altar of the cathedral, among numerous other resting-places of those who have been great and illustrious in the history of Peru. The tablet of the tomb consists of nothing more than a plain marble slab, yellow with dampness, cemented into the solid wall, with the remains of an archbishop on one side and the tomb of an old Spanish viceroy on the other, and bearing no other inscription than the name and date of death of the occupant.

Of all of the many interesting relics of Lima, the palace of Pizarro, in which he was assassinated, had the greatest charm for me. It is situated on the north side of the *Plaza Mayor*, or Great Square. Built of humble adobe, painted a dirty yellow, with the lower apartments used as small shops, and the upper portion devoted to government offices, the whole edifice is thrown into insignificance by the shadow of the noble cathedral; but the spirit of Pizarro, the conqueror of the Incas, pervades the entire building, and invests it with an air of romance. Immediately opposite the palace, in the long arcade which forms the south side of the Plaza Mayor, is still remaining the stone archway through which the assassins issued on their mission of murder. The stone step, over which they crossed, is worn away as if by the passage of many feet. But there is a long, deep groove in the left hand corner, said to have been made by the broken spur of Diego Almagro, the chief conspirator, who slipped and fell at this place.

In 1531, after one unsuccessful attempt, Pizarro landed in Peru, at the head of about 300 men, about one-half of whom were mounted. His fellow-adventurer was Diego de Almagro, a soldier of fortune, like himself, unable to read or write his own name, but confident in the prowess of his sword. The latter soon grew jealous and discontented, for Pizarro was the master spirit, and was not slow in asserting his superiority. The great empire of the Incas was distracted by the wars of the rival brothers, Huascar and Atahuallpa. The Spaniard cast his fortunes with the latter, soon after Huascar had been overcome and cruelly murdered. At the head of only 117 men, he marched to meet the successful Inca in 1532. He entered the Peruvian camp with signs of friendship, but treacherously made Atahuallpa captive, and massacred upward of ten thousand Peruvians, without losing a man. The Indian army fled in dismay, and the conqueror made himself master successively of Cuzco, the city of the Incas, and every place of importance, and then founded the present city of Lima, which he called Cindad de los Reyes, or "City of the Kings."

Pizarro possessed the courage of Cortez, and surpassed him in perfidy. He did not long hesitate at the disposal to be made of Atahuallpa, his royal captive. He loaded him with chains, and visited him daily in his dungeon.

"Inca, what wilt thou do for thy freedom?" asked the Spaniard.

"I will fill this dungeon cell with solid gold," was the response.

"Do so, and you are free!"

Atahuallpa issued proclamations, and collected together all the golden ornaments of his churches and temples and palaces. These were melted down, and the dungeon-cell—a large apartment—was filled with solid gold from wall to wall, and from floor to ceiling. Pizarro accepted the offering, and immediately put the donor to death. This act of perfidy was perpetrated in August, 1533. Manatalipa, a beautiful Indian princess, the daughter of Atahuallpa, was at this time living with Pizarro as his mistress. She loved the conqueror with a wild devotion, which even the treacherous murder of her father could not dissipate, and she blindly clung to him through all his fortunes. The descendants of Pizarro by this woman are still living at Truxillo, in Spain.

Pizarro was growing old, but he continued the completion of his conquest with all the energy of youthful ambition. The revolt of Manco Capac, half-brother of Atahuallpa engaged his serious efforts, and, after burning Cuzco and at one time threatening Lima itself, was only ended by the dispersion of the Peruvians, in order to cultivate their fields to avoid starvation. But the conqueror's troubles were not at an end. Almagro, his disappointed rival, waged war against him in 1538, demanding as his share a portion of the southern country, including Cuzco. Pizarro marched to meet him, defeated him in a terrible battle, June 26, 1538, took him prisoner, and immediately put him to death with his usual remorselessness. Almago had formerly been Pizarro's intimate friend, and his cowardly execution seems to have been one of the first omens of destruction to Pizarro himself.

For two years, he busied himself with using every means in his power toward strengthening his government. Manatalipa, his mistress, was a woman of genius as well as of personal beauty, and she aided him greatly through her knowledge of the masses of the people with whom he dealt. But the shadows of death were gathering around the chieftain, and the bell of fate had struck his knell.

Diego Almagro, the son of the former Almagro by an Indian woman, (how strangely these blood-feuds were wrought out through the poor wronged Indians!) headed a conspiracy to accomplish his death. Diego was a man of address and ability. His fellow-conspirators were about twenty in number—part Spaniards and part Indians—and each was sworn to strike a death-blow at Pizarro's heart. I have stood in the very room occupied by Pizarro on the night of his assassination. It is in the second story of the western wing of the palace, is now occupied as a petty court-room, and connects by small, dilapidated doors with several chambers in the rear. They are all dingy and dirty enough now, but at the time of which we speak they must have been fitted up in princely magnificence. I have read the story of the assassination in the old Spanish chronicles still obtainable at Lima.

Late in the afternoon on Sunday, immediately after dinner, Pizarro was reclining on an ottoman, in the chamber I have mentioned, half divested of the iron armor he was in the habit of wearing in the day time. He was now seventy years of age, and, though his head was silvered and his long moustache frosted with the increasing years, he was still strong and vigorous of frame, and retained the reckless, adventurous bearing which had always distinguished him. One of his little children was caressing his knee, when Manatalipa, their mother, entered and said, excitedly:

"I see a number of suspicious men gathering in the archway on the other side of the plaza."

"Have they swords?" asked Pizarro.

"Yes; and three of them are in armor. I saw their helmets gleam in the sun. Remember, Pizarro, the palace is unprotected. It is Sunday, and you have dismissed the guard for a holiday."

"*No cuidado mi hita!* (Be not alarmed, my dear!) They are merely merrymakers," was the response, as the chieftain composed himself for his *siesta*.

Here the little child, as if inspired with sudden terror, began to cry and weep piteously.

"But," persisted Manatalipa, "they are crossing the plaza in this direction. One of them—the leader, I think—slips and falls through the arch. He recovers himself, and they are all marching toward us with drawn swords!"

"*Traeme poco de agua, mi hita! Tengo mucho sed!* (Bring me some water, my dear; I am very thirsty.")

The woman departed for the water, and the next instant an angry altercation was heard with the single sentry at the door. The report of his faithful arquebus was followed almost immediately by his ringing death-shriek and the clash of steel; and in a few seconds thereafter the assassins were on the threshold of the room. Pizarro caught one glimpse of Diego, his mortal foe, and sprang to his feet. He regained his sword, which had been carelessly cast aside, and for a few moments defended himself with the valor he had shown upon a hundred fields. But he soon fell dead, after dispatching three of his assailants. The little child, which had clung terrifiedly to his knees, was also slain by the chance blow of a sword; and the mother, entering soon after, filled the air with her cries of horror and vengeance. Pizarro's brothers were also warriors; but the darkness which swallowed Francisco's descending star soon wrapt them into oblivion.

THE EVIL GENIUS.

By **ELIZA A. DUPUY**,

AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE TERROR," "WARNING VOICE," "THE FATAL ERROR," ETC., ETC.

[For the benefit of our *new* readers, we give a synopsis of that portion of this story which has been already published in the *Ledger*, so that after perusing this paragraph they can go on and read the continuation of the story as understandingly as if they had read all of the first part. The heroine, Nina Gordon, was left at Mrs. Lyme's seminary in New Haven, when she was but five years old, by an agent of her uncle, Mr. Fairlie, who lived in Mississippi. This uncle had paid her bills until she was eighteen, when she was informed that she must teach music for two years for her livelihood, as a sort of probation, after which something might be done for her. She submitted to these terms with very ill grace, as she loathed teaching and was excessively proud. She was also beautiful, accomplished and talented, and had expected to make a brilliant match; but her supposed lover, Godfrey Fenton, whom she had worshipped, jilted her, under the plea that he was bound by promise and by fate to marry his cousin, Opal Hastings. This turned her heart to gall; and she resolved to be avenged not only on Godfrey, but on the race generally, when at the end of her two years of music-teaching her uncle did nothing for her and she went out into the world alone to fight her way as best she could. Through the intervention of a rich but rather soft school-mate named Miss Bates, (of New York,) who wanted Nina to marry her equally soft brother Adolphus, she obtained a situation as attendant upon a querulous but wealthy old lady named Mrs. Hawks. This old lady, accompanied by Nina and an old servitor named Mrs. Perkins, had gone to Newport for the season, and so had the Bates family. At Newport, in an old tumble-down cottage, lived a Señor Lopez, a Spaniard, who, years before, had married Mrs. Hawks's only sister, against the will of her father, who in his rage disinherited her and settled all his property on Mrs. Hawks. This Lopez was a selfish paralytic, who made a slave of his lovely daughter Inez, his only companion, and the presumed heir of Mrs. Hawks. It so chanced that Inez and Godfrey Fenton were in love with each other; also, that Mrs. Hawks hated Godfrey, and in her gossip about him exposed his love for Inez to Nina, who in turn dealt him a blow by revealing to Mrs. Hawks his treachery to her and his engagement with his cousin Opal. This settled the old lady against him; and immediately on her arrival at Newport she had horrified Inez by informing her of Godfrey's engagement with his cousin and consequent treachery all round, and wound up by declaring that if Inez married him, she should never touch a cent of her money. Nina knowing all these things, had resolved upon a deep game, for the purpose of herself becoming Mrs. Hawks's heir. This being the state of things, Mrs. Hawks and Nina had driven over to the cottage of Lopez, where the old lady, who always had a quarrel with her Spanish brother-in-law whenever they met, had gone off into a habitual spasm, followed by a profound sleep of uncertain duration. And this is the condition in which the succeeding chapter finds the various parties at the Spaniard's cottage.]

CHAPTER XI.

When Mrs. Hawks' hard breathing began to echo through the room, the two girls looked apprehensively at each other, and Nina asked:

"What is to be done now, Miss Lopez? Can your aunt remain here, or will it be best to have her removed at once to her own rooms at Newport?"

"When she revives she will be sure to insist on the latter, but we must wait till she is in a condition to make her wishes known. If we decided on removing her she would be deeply offended. Have you not found it difficult to know what my aunt really wishes, Miss Gordon? She always seems to me to do exactly the opposite of what is desired by those around her."

"I can scarcely answer that, for I have not been long enough with Mrs. Hawks to know much about her. It is but three days since I entered into her employment."

"And three months is the utmost limit of time that any companion has remained with her. If you stay longer than that, I shall think you have more sweetness of temper and forbearance than most girls of our age possess."

"You bear with your father," replied Nina in a guarded tone; "and he appears to me to be as excitable as this poor old lady, who seems to be left to the mercy of hirelings. I must bear with her humors for I have my living to make, and I cannot afford to be fastidious in the choice of my employment."

"You have no friends, then?"

"Oh, yes, I have friends, and very good ones too, but none that I am willing to depend on. Your aunt has shown nothing but kindness to me, and I feel very grateful to her."

Mr. Lopez here called out:

"How am I to take my siesta, when the Hawk has taken possession of my nest? It's a confounded bore to have that snuffling and snoring in one's ears for two or three hours to come. What is to be done with the old girl when she 'wakes—eh, Inez?"

"My aunt must settle that herself when she is in a condition to do so, sir. I will call Dick, and get him to wheel your chair into the hall. He can let the back down and I will place pillows under your head. In that position you can sleep as well as on the sofa."

"Well, well!" was the fretful rejoinder, "get me out of this as soon as may be, though I am not hospitable enough to care about being turned out of my own room to accommodate such a spiteful old cat as your aunt has become of late years. She has never liked me, and now I believe she only comes here to aggravate me in every way she can. If I had thought about the danger of throwing her into a fit, I should have been more careful, for I am sure I don't want her quartered on me through an illness, however brief its duration may be."

Inez smiled faintly and sorrowfully, but she knew remonstrance to be useless—he would utter whatever came into his mind without regard to consequences—she only said:

"You may be sure that she will be more anxious to get away than you can be to get her off. Papa, when she 'wakes, if she is unable to sit up, a bed can be placed in the carriage on which she can recline, and the drive to town is not long enough to fatigue her much."

"Well, settle it the best way you can; only get me away from the sight of that purple face and the sound of that stentorious breathing. If the old hunks would have apoplexy, it would be something to the purpose. Three attacks would have floored her, but here she is hanging on to life after ever so many of these spells. The best thing she can do is to die, for she's of no use to any living soul, and a dreadful nuisance to some I could name if I chose to do so."

Inez looked shocked and hurt, and she reproachfully said:

"Dear papa, how can you bear to talk so? My aunt might retort by saying the same of you."

"But in my case it would not be true, for I have you to care for me and grieve over my loss, little as I am worthy of it. I am of no use, I know, and a great trouble sometimes, but my little girl's heart would be sore if my chair was empty and a new mound made in the grave-yard—eh, Inez?"

"Hush, hush! don't talk of that!" replied his daughter, bending over him and tenderly kissing his forehead, "I will go now and bring Dick to remove your chair at once."

She quickly went out, and presently returned with Mrs. Hawks' carriage-driver, who, after a glance of dismay at his mistress, performed the required service by wheeling the chair of the paralytic into the hall. He was closely followed by Inez, bearing pillows in her arms; and after lowering the springs of his seat, Mr. Lopez was comfortably established on his temporary couch and left to his repose.

With a backward motion in the direction of the room they had left, Dick respectfully asked:

"What is to be done now, Miss Inez? Mrs. Hawks seems to have been took with one of them spasms, and ma'be it'll be better to get her back to Newport afore she comes 'round ag'in. I can drive easy like, so as not to jolt her a mite, and p'rhaps 't will be better for you to have her moved afore she 'wakes up ag'in."

"Oh, no! that will never do, Dick. I could not think of sending my aunt out of the house in her present condition. When she 'wakes, it will be time enough to settle what shall be done."

"She'll never agr[illegible] to stay [illegible]how, Miss, and I thought [illegible] to get her away while she's in that dead sleep. But in course you know best what ought to be done."

Mr. Lopez here spoke:

"You are a sensible fellow, Dick, and I quite agree with your views, but Inez won't have it so, I know. Look after your horses now, and be ready at a moment's notice when you are called. Mrs. Hawks won't sleep more than two hours, and, when she 'wakes, the first thing she will order will be her carriage to take her away from here as soon as possible."

The man nodded, went out, and Mr. Lopez settled himself among his pillows and closed his eyes. But before Inez could leave him, he flared them wide open again, and said:

"My amiable sister-in-law has excited my nervous system to that degree that I cannot sleep without my usual sedative. Give me my opium, child, for in my present condition I cannot do without it."

Inez earnestly remonstrated:

"Dear papa, you will not take any more of that dreadful drug to-day? You have already had more than is good for you, I know, or you would never have allowed yourself to speak as you did to my aunt."

"Fiddle-de-dee, child; what did I say to Eunice that she didn't deserve? Bring me what I ask for at once, or I will call on that young girl in yonder to wait on me. She seems a sensible and accommodating creature, and I have no doubt she will do as I bid her."

"Papa, darling father, don't insist on this, please. The doctor told me that you must not use so much opium. He says that it is slowly destroying both your mind and body—and——"

Overcome with all the excitements of the morning, Inez broke into hysterical sobbing, and her father half-raised himself with an expression of startled surprise.

"What can be the matter with you, Inez? You do not usually give way thus when your aunt and I have had a passage at arms. As to what Dr. Minturn says, *he* is no Solomon, and I know enough about my own condition to understand what is good for me. What are you crying about, child? When you came back from Newport this morning I noticed that something had happened to upset you, and you've not been yourself since. I insist on knowing what Mrs. Hawks said to you to make you unhappy."

While he was thus speaking, Inez struggled to recover her composure, and succeeded as she had often done before when her very heart seemed dying within her. She repressed the convulsive sobs that arose in her throat, wiped away her tears, and gently replied:

"I have nothing to tell you papa. I was only thinking of you, and what the consequences may be of such unlimited indulgence in the pernicious habit you have formed. If you would only consent to lessen the quantity of opium taken every day, you might recover from your illness. But you increase it steadily, and I am beginning to lose all hope of restoration."

"Hope! If Minturn has given you such a hope, Inez, he has wilfully deceived you. I shall never walk again, and I will not consent to live at all, if the only solace to my sad lot is denied me. Bring me the drug without exciting me further, lest the consequences be worse than you think."

The struggle ended as many others had before, and with lingering steps Inez went into her father's room, and brought from it a small silver box, from which he took two pills, in spite of her efforts to induce him to take but one. After swallowing them, he closed his eyes and said:

"Now go back to your aunt, and leave me to the only elysium I can ever again know in this world. I shall soon wander in the land of illusion, and dream of joys that earth knows not. Oh, child, do not grudge me the only happiness my broken and wasted life can now claim. This drug that you call a bane, is to me an elixir of happiness and power. While under its influence, I seem to grasp again my youth, my health, my fortune—all—that has gone down into the vortex of my own self-indulgence. I *must* have it, Inez, or go mad with baffled desires and vain regrets."

The wild flashing of his black eyes alarmed her, and she soothingly said:

"Calm yourself, dear papa, and I promise not again to excite you thus by refusing to you even the drug that is destroying you. Rest now, and forget that I have annoyed you."

"I know that something has gone wrong with you to-day, Inez; but I can't excite myself now with talking over your affairs. It would destroy the happy influence I feel creeping over me already."

He dreamily closed his eyes, and yielded his spirit to the influence of the subtle narcotic; and after pitifully surveying him a few moments, Inez turned away, and softly glided into the chamber in which her aunt lay sleeping, and closed the door behind her.

CHAPTER XII.

Nina had taken her bonnet off, and was quietly fanning Mrs. Hawks, and also keeping watch over Bijou to defend him from another attack from Don Bobtail.

She would have cared very little if the belligerent cat had put an end to the poodle; but she feared, in the event of any further disaster happening to her pet, Mrs. Hawks might hold her responsible; and she began too clearly to see that her best interests might be served by remaining with that lady, to risk a dismissal by neglecting her favorite; so she wisely did what she knew would be most agreeable to her, by protecting Bijou from further molestation.

The two girls had already silently taken the measure of each other, and Inez, candid, honest, and straight-forward in her nature, was attracted by her new acquaintance, as most persons were who were thrown in contact with Nina Gordon.

She looked up and smiled brightly as Miss Lopez approached her, though there was in her heart a deadly feeling of bitter rivalry between them; and Nina mentally vowed that if this girl had really won from her the heart of Godfrey Fenton, she would return the blow by depriving her of the greater portion of her anticipated inheritance. That once secured, she might, perhaps, regain the lover she had lost; for, in spite of her angry and disdainful words when she and Fenton were last together, Nina knew that one word of love from his lips would bring her to his side forgiving and repentant.

She remembered that he had then said if he could choose a dowerless bride she would be the woman he would prefer before all others; and with wealth at her command, why should she not be able again to lure him to her side? At the time he uttered those words they only filled her heart with angry bitterness; but she now acknowledged to herself that she could forgive them; that she could again receive him as the lord of her life if he could only convince her that his fancy for Inez Lopez was but one of the many flirtations into which he had so recklessly plunged.

But not one of these emotions was visible on the tranquil surface. Her smile was as genial and sunny as that of an artless child, as she turned her face toward her young hostess and said:

"Mrs. Hawks already sleeps more quietly, and I think she will be quite restored in another hour."

Inez sighed as she looked on the worn face from which the purple flush began to fade, and, sinking on a seat near the sofa, said:

"I am most thankf[illegible] did not die. I [illegible] once that she was gone; it was a frightful attack, and her physician says that there is always danger of death in one of them. It is a dreadful affliction, and one that is pronounced incurable. You must think ours a strange family, Miss Gordon, with too such helpless invalids to be taken care of. My aunt, you may have heard, was injured by a fall from her carriage; but my poor father's state is, I fear, the result of his own careless disregard of his health. He thought himself so strong as to be able to stand anything; but when misfortune fell on him he suddenly broke down, and became what you saw to-day."

In tones of deep sympathy Nina replied:

"It is indeed a sad thing to see a strong man, in the prime of life, reduced to the present condition of your father. No wonder that he is irritable."

"You refer to what passed between him and my aunt to-day. It was a shameful scene, and could easily have been avoided if either of them had chosen to respect the peculiarities of the other. But they never will; there is constant antagonism between them, and all I can do will not prevent an outburst whenever they meet. I sometimes almost wish that Aunt Eunice would not come here at all; but as papa can't go to her, I suppose she feels bound to visit him. I must explain to you, Miss Gordon, that my father is always under the influence of opium, or he would never have acted as he did to-day. In his natural state, he is a kind-hearted and cultivated gentleman; but in the shattered condition of his health, the only thing that affords relief to mental and bodily suffering is the constant use of the pernicious drug that has become a necessity to him. I can see how much it changes him from day to day, but there is no help for it; he must have the only thing that reconciles him to his sad existence."

This explanation threw some light on the singularly confidential tone assumed toward her by Mr. Lopez, in the first hour of their meeting, and Nina said:

"Then your father can scarcely be held accountable for what he says in a moment of excitement, and I shall use my best efforts to bring about a better understanding between him and your aunt."

Inez gave her a penetrating glance, and nervously asked:

"Did he seek your good offices or the furtherance of my interests, Miss Gordon? Excuse me, but my father is almost a monomaniac on one subject, and I fear that he will injure me with my aunt, by his attempts to win over those that are about her. I overheard something of what he was saying to you, utter stranger as you [illegible] to him. It annoyed, though it did not surprise me, for he has successively offered a bribe to my aunt's companions, to get her will executed in my favor. I hope he did not go quite so far with you in the first interview he has had with you."

Nina hesitated a moment, and then frankly replied:

"I thought it strange that Mr. Lopez should speak so freely to one so little known to him, but what you have just said explains it. He did offer me money if I would use my influence with Mrs. Hawks, to have her will made in your favor without further delay."

Inez crimsoned, and then grew pale. In a pained tone, she said:

"Poor papa; his mind seems daily less and less under his control. I trust that you will attach no importance to his words, Miss Gordon. It is the one desire of his life to see me rich, and he thinks my aunt unjustly withholds from me the portion of the estate that should have belonged to my mother. Of course it is her own [illegible] she pleases with, though I cannot help [illegible]ing that she is not as liberal as she should [illegible] We always understood that although my grandfather disinherited my mother on account of her marriage with a man he did not like, he had no intention of leaving me without a provision. In the will under which my aunt claims the estate, my name was not mentioned; it was made before my birth, but my papa knows that a like one was made, though it could not be found. The lawyer who drew it up, assured my father that in that, half of the estate was left to me, at my grandfather's decease, and the remainder was to become mine at the death of my aunt. Under these circumstances, you cannot wonder that papa feels hardly toward her, and, in this dreary solitude, he has nothing to do but nurse his wrath, and bemoan the obscure bondage in which he chooses to think I am held by his infirmities, and lack of means."

"Dear Miss Lopez, I can understand and sympathize with his feelings; but you seem to bear your lot with the patience of an angel. You may rely on my efforts to serve you, if I can possibly do so. Mrs. Hawks seems very fond of me, and humble as I am, I may be able to place your claims in a just light before her."

There was the slightest possible touch of hauteur in the tone of her companion's voice, as she quickly replied:

"Excuse me, Miss Gordon; it was not to ask such service at your hands that I have been thus communicative with one so little known to me; but to deprecate any such use of your influence with my aunt. So far from serving me, you would but injure my cause, and she would be capable of taking from me the sum she annually allows me, if she thought those around her had been tampered with in any way. My aunt is a very peculiar woman, and she is determined to hold in her own hands as long as she lives, the power her wealth gives her. I entreat that what passed to-day between yourself and my poor half-dazed father, shall not be spoken of to any one."

"If you desire it, of course not. After what you have said, I shall attach no importance to the words of Mr. Lopez, and I shall hasten to forget them as soon as possible."

"Thank you; you are very kind. You are different from the other ladies my aunt has had in her employment, and I think you will please her better. I hope you will, for you are young enough to be a companion for me, and I have never known the happiness of claiming a friend of my own sex and age. Pray tell me how you came to go to my aunt, Miss Gordon, for I already feel an interest in a girl as young as myself, who seems even more desolate than I am."

"How shall I thank you for those words of sympathy and kindness?" said the fair actress, with tears trembling in her expressive eyes. "I *will* tell you what I know of myself, but it is very little. Who, or what I am, I know not. I have been educated in the delusive belief that I was to fill a brilliant position in life, then cast upon the world to win my own bread, without a word of explanation, or a clue to my family. The very name I bear may not rightfully be mine, but I care little for that now. I have accepted the lot awarded me, with the determination to make the best of it. I dislike teaching, so I came to Mrs. Hawks, as her companion."

Inez listened with vivid interest. She earnestly said:

"I honor you for your independence and energy—for your confidence in yourself. You have been cruelly treated though. You should have been told those things concerning yourself, which are now only painful causes of conjecture. In some respects, your fate is far sadder than mine."

"*Yours!* Oh, Miss Lopez, if I had your beauty, your expectations, there is nothing to which I should not aspire. If you marry to please your aunt, you will eventually inherit the whole of her fortune."

Inez shook her head and sighed heavily.

"I shall not do that, for she has already declared her hostility toward my betrothed. My father approves my choice, but my aunt never liked my lover, and only this morning she gave me the choice to give him up or forfeit all chance of inheriting anything from her. I do not know why I speak so freely to you, Miss Gordon, but there is something about you that attracts confidence, and I feel sure that mine will not be betrayed."

"Never! you may trust me as a sister. Pray call me Nina, and let me be really your friend. I too am attracted toward you in a degree that I have rarely felt to a stranger."

Inez held out her hand, and with charming grace replied:

"We will be friends, Nina, and henceforth to you I am Inez. We shall often meet while my aunt is at Newport, and you must aid me to keep peace between her and my father."

"Yes—that shall be our compact; and now, having won your confidence, sweet Inez, will you not consent to put my sincerity to the test by allowing me to mediate with Mrs. Hawks in favor of this lover of yours? Tell me his name, and where he lives; give me the 'lay of the land,' that I may serve you intelligently."

Inez shrank from the confidence demanded. She changed color and trembled as she said:

"Oh no, no—I cannot do it. Nothing would move my aunt, and Godfrey himself would deprecate the thought of winning her consent to our union through such questionable means."

Nina started as naturally as though she had not expected to hear that name. She shivered as it came from the lips of her rival, for her very manner of pronouncing it proved how tenderly she loved the man who bore it. She repeated:

"Godfrey—it is not a common name, but I once knew one who bore it. He was a student at Yale while I was at school in New Haven; but it is impossible that the Godfrey I knew and he to whom you refer should be the same person."

"Why impossible?" asked Inez, a sudden thrill of fear shooting through every fibre of her being, though it would have been impossible for her to have explained what she dreaded. "Godfrey Fenton *was* a graduate of Yale, and it is scarcely a year since he left there."

Nina covered her face with her hands, and after a silence which Inez had not courage to interrupt, she looked up again so pale that she found voice to falter:

"Why are you so deeply moved, Miss Gordon? Are you—are you known to Godfrey Fenton?"

Nina cried out with passionate fervor:

"Oh, Inez—Inez, can you ever forgive me when I tell you that *I* have been the cause of your aunt's anger against your lover? I know him, alas! too well, for he has played with my heart, as he is now doing with yours. I told Mrs. Hawks the story of my short life, and betrayed to her the wrong this too fascinating man has been guilty of toward me. His name accidentally escaped my lips, and Mrs. Hawks drew from me what I would have torn out my tongue sooner than utter, if I had dreamed of the evil it might do. Good Heavens! you are ill—you are fainting!"

Inez had sunk back on her seat, so white, so still, that she looked like the image of death, but she had not lost her power to feel and suffer. She gazed blankly at the girl who had just dealt her so fearful a blow, and with a shiver slowly turned her eyes away from the imploring face of Nina. She faintly said:

"No—I am not ill; I shall be better presently. Wait—wait, till I recover breath to speak."

"I have ruined *his* cause with her forever," was the triumphant thought that came to Nina, but she veiled her exultation by an expression of the keenest sympathy and remorse. She deprecatingly said:

"Oh! if I had only known—if I could only have dreamed of the mischief I was doing! But Mrs. Hawks led me on, till she discovered all she wished to know; and I felt so friendless, so forlorn, that I was glad to confide my troubles to her as to a maternal friend. Dear Inez, tell me that I have not done you an irreparable wrong."

By this time Miss Lopez had recovered the power of thought and speech. The deathly pallor of her face changed to a more natural hue, and she steadily said:

"If treachery has been practised toward me it is best to know it in time. I refused to believe my aunt's assertions this morning; but I cannot refuse to listen to what you have to say. The love that is not founded on the truth and honor of the one to whom it is given, is of little worth. I believed in Godfrey Fenton as a true and noble man, but if he is what you assert him to be, I can no longer trust him. It is due to *him* to hear what you have to say of him; to require you to place in my possession the proofs of your assertions, for you must not forget, Miss Gordon, that you are but slightly known to me, and in a matter so vital to my happiness as this, I must have the amplest confirmation of your words before I can accept them as the truth."

Nina coldly replied:

"Such proofs as you require I can scarcely give, for no correspondence took place between Mr. Fenton and myself. I have no written record of the words he has spoken to me again and again, but they are indelibly engraved upon my heart. Oh, Inez! he won me by that guileful tongue of his; he wooed me in every way possible, and for a whole year I walked in the delusive paradise created by the hopes he held out to me. To the very last he wore the deceitful mask, and it was only on the eve of our final separation that all the falseness, all the hollowness of the nature I had believed so noble, was laid bare before me. The anguish, the struggle that followed, I will not attempt to describe; but now I have but one feeling toward Godfrey Fenton, and that is, supreme scorn and contempt. He is unworthy to brush the dust from your feet, much less to clasp your hand in betrothal; and it is better for you to know this now than to give him the power to desert you as he has so many others. I knew him to be a trifler, but to me he seemed so devoted, that, as you say, I believed in him. And then, in that last bitter interview, he told me that if I were endowed with fortune he would prefer me to every other woman in the world, but dependent as he was, it was impossible for him to marry a penniless girl."

"Did he say *that*?" came from the pale lips of the tortured listener.

"Those were his words, but of what worth were they, Inez, when he left me? Yes—left me, to seek one more brilliantly endowed. I will not accuse Mr. Fenton of mercenary views; but if you had not been the presumptive heiress of twenty thousand a year, do you suppose that he would ever have asked you to become his wife?"

She paused, exhausted by the vehement outpouring of her long pent up wrath, and eagerly watched the effect of her words on her victim.

Most unwillingly did poor Inez recall the circumstances of her first meeting with Fenton; for they gave some confirmation to the doubts expressed by Nina. She was in New York with her aunt for a few days' shopping; their carriage got into a jam on Broadway, and Mrs. Hawks became so much alarmed that she was seized with one of her spasms. Fenton was passing on the side walk, saw that the slender girl in the carriage could scarcely sustain the struggling form of her aunt, and he at once turned aside, wrenched the door of the vehicle open, and stepping in, at once relieved Inez of Mrs. Hawks' weight.

He then gave such directions to the driver as enabled him to extricate the carriage from its dangerous position, and gain a side street. He remained with them till Mrs. Hawks was safely removed to her own house, and then offering his card to Inez, explained who he was, and requested permission to call again, and inquire after her aunt.

This was readily granted, for Fenton's person and address had already most favorably impressed her, and his humanity and coolness had won her deepest respect.

Henceforth he came every day during her stay in New York, and she soon knew that it was not his interest in Mrs. Hawks's state of health that drew him to —— street, so much as that he had conceived for herself.

One day Inez overheard a conversation between Fenton and her aunt's physician, which she now recalled with bitter anguish. She was in a recess, hidden by folds of heavy drapery, when the two, who had entered the house together, paused so near the door of the parlor, that she could not avoid hearing all that passed between them.

"You are a lucky fellow, Fenton," said the doctor, "to have served so lovely a girl as Miss Lopez. One, too, who will be very rich when the old woman goes off the scene, and she can't last much longer."

To this Fenton had replied:

"I know nothing about Miss Lopez' prospects, nor do I care to discuss them. She is fair enough herself to turn most men's heads without the addition of fortune."

"Yes, I understand all that; but money is a good thing too, and she'll have plenty of it. You must manage to keep on the right side of the old lady, my boy, remember that."

"I shall scarcely take the trouble to do that," was the indifferent reply. But Inez remembered with a sharp pang that he *had* courted her aunt's good graces, and most signally failed to win them; for, in spite of the service he had rendered her, Mrs. Hawks never could forgive him for having seen her under the distorting influence of one of her worst spasms.

His stay in New York continued as long as that of Miss Lopez, and he devoted himself to her in every possible way. Inez took pains to let him know her exact position, and how doubtful it was as to her becoming the heiress of her aunt's wealth; but this made no apparent impression upon him.

Fenton soon followed her to her desolate home near Newport, and, nothing daunted by the sight of her helpless father, spoke to her of love and marriage.

Inez listened in perfect faith to his assurances of unfailing devotion; for how could she doubt him after such evidences of affection as these? He spoke frankly of his own worldly position, but never hinted at the tie which bound him to Opal Hastings; and Inez confidingly believed herself the first love of his wandering heart.

It was clear from what Fenton said of his own prospects that, without a settlement from Mrs. Hawks, he could not venture to marry her niece; but Inez still believed in the perfect purity and disinterestedness of his affection for herself. Such women trust implicitly, if at all; and until this day the poor girl had never cherished a doubt against him.

Fenton had visited the Glades several times, and was always welcome, always agreeable to Mr. Lopez, who was almost as much charmed with his gayety as his daughter was with his sentiment. At the command of his mother, he was travelling through the North; but the fair magnet at the Glades attracted him thither at every interval he found it possible to spare from the extensive tour he was required to make.

Of late he had pressed for an understanding with Mrs. Hawks, and some certainty as to what he and Inez could depend on from her in the event of their union. He had often assured her that he would not seek to make a new home for himself, but would render the Glades more habitable, and bring around her paralytic father such society as he was capable of enjoying. His own mother had younger children he told her, and to them she could turn for consolation for his abandonment of his native home for the sake of the girl he loved.

After hearing from Mr. Lopez the history of her grandfather's will, Fenton had insisted that Inez was entitled to the enjoyment of the half of his estate, and he declared it to be shameful in Mrs. Hawks to withhold it from her. Instigated by a recent letter from him, Inez had only that morning made a final appeal to her aunt, which was met with a decided refusal, accompanied by the revelation of Godfrey Fenton's double dealing.

Inez refused to believe her aunt's statement, but here was confirmation that she could not doubt. He had wooed and won another before they ever met. In place of being the high-souled man of honor to whom she believed she had plighted her troth, he was but a contemptible and heartless flirt; solacing his own exorbitant vanity at the expense of bleeding hearts and blighted hopes.

Ah! it was too bitter!—too humiliating!

After reviewing all these incidents, Inez vaguely repeated the last question of Nina:

"Would Godfrey Fenton have asked me to become his wife if I had not had the prospect of inheriting great wealth? Was not that what you said? Yes, I remember now. Twenty thousand a year is a great deal of money, and it may have been a temptation to him aside from myself. Perhaps he would never have wished to marry me but for the prospect of that; but then it is not really mine, you know; and he seemed so earnest, so truthful, that it is hard to believe him false. I am too wretched, too much bewildered, to know what to think about it. My senses seem to be forsaking me in the crisis in which I most need them."

Nina offered her a glass of water, and then, in her liquid, penetrating tones, asked:

"Did Mr. Fenton ever hint to you why he wished to live so far away from his Southern home, Miss Lopez?"

"Oh, yes," she eagerly replied. "He said, that afflicted as my poor father is, he could not take him among his own connexions to make a spectacle of him; neither could we leave him to the mercy of servants; so *we* must stay with him and make a pleasant home for him. It was Godfrey's thoughtfulness for poor papa that filled up the measure of my confidence in him."

"And he hinted at no other reason?" asked the insidious voice.

"No; I remember no other. Do *you* know of any?"

"Yes, I do. Mr. Fenton has been more frank with me than he seems to have been with you, though the circumstances were different. I had no possible fortune to bestow on him, so he could afford to tell me the bare and revolting truth that, while he was playing the part of a devoted lover to me, his hand was already plighted to a young girl in Mississippi. His mother sent him on his travels till Opal Hastings is old enough to become his bride."

"Opal Hastings! that is the girl my aunt spoke of, but I would not listen to her. I refused to believe her assertion, though it made me inexpressibly wretched. And you confirm it! You, then, were her informant. Why should he have told *you* of her, when he has never mentioned her name to me?"

"To crush out the love he had been at such pains to kindle," replied Nina, disdainfully. "He placed my rival before me, and bade me despair. Inez, do as I did; tear the image of this treacherous man from your heart, and, in its place, enshrine there contempt, and aversion for the false one who has wrought so much woe to us both. Let him not have the triumph of knowing how deeply he has wounded you. Strike such a blow at him as he will feel in his turn, by refusing to see him again, and ceasing to communicate with him in any way. Should any doubt arise as to the disposal of Mrs. Hawks's fortune, he will return to his first allegiance, and desert you as he deserted me. There is no truth in him—none—none!"

Inez dropped her colorless face upon her hands, and seemed absorbed in thought. After a long silence, which Nina thought it best not to interrupt by any further appeal to her pride, she at length spoke in a low, pained tone:

"I believe that you are quite right, Miss Gordon, and I am weak to hesitate. But you do not know—you can scarcely understand what Godfrey Fenton has been to me in the last four months of my life. He brought life, and hope, and joy to this desolate roof. He is already like a son to my poor stricken father, and this blow will fall almost as heavily on him as on me. Oh! Nina Gordon, I wish we had never met, for the meeting has brought to me sorrow unspeakable!"

"Yet, it was plainly my duty to warn you of the precipice on which you stood," said Nina, gently. "Forgive me for the pain I have caused you; it was involuntary on my part. Remember that I too have gone through the slough of despond into which this man's want of principle has plunged us both."

"Yes," was the faint response, "I must remember that, and the certainty of his double treachery will enable me to sustain my pride. I shall write to Mr. Fenton, and tell him that all is over between us; that he must come here no more. *No more!* Oh! if you could measure the depth of desolation those words express for me!"

Yielding at last to the overwhelming agitation she could no longer repress, Inez burst into such a passion of sobs and tears, as touched even the compassion of her who had thus struck her to the heart. Nina used every effort to soothe her, but she impatiently turned from her, crying out, in tones of piercing anguish:

"Let me alone—say no more to me on this subject, for I cannot bear it. You have destroyed the life of my life, and now talk of hope or consolation for that which I feel to be irremediable. You have broken my heart, but you did it for my good, and I will not reproach you if I can help it. There—there—pray be silent, or I shall go mad at once."

Nina said no more. She had accomplished all she proposed to herself, and prepared for her recreant lover as unlooked-for a blow as she had herself received at his hands, and she was satisfied with her day's work.

She quietly took up her fan again, and resumed her occupation of watching Mrs. Hawks' slumbers.

Inez at length aroused herself from the passion of anguish into which this revelation had thrown her, and going into her own chamber, bathed her eyes, and smoothed her hair. She gradually made up her mind that to Fenton himself she would appeal for information of what had been told her. From himself should come the fiat that separated them, for if he acknowledged the truth of what Nina had told her, she could have no claim on one so false, and light of nature as he would thus prove himself to be.

The long habit of self-control before her suffering father, enabled her to put sufficient constraint upon herself to return to her guest, looking very pale and worn, but outwardly composed.

After a keen glance at her, Nina thought—"She bears it better than I believed possible. She loves him less than I do, or she would never be so calm," and the remembrance of her own rebellious struggles, brought a faint flush to her cheeks, and a pang to her heart.

Inez quietly said:

"You have done me a service, Miss Gordon, for which I should thank you, but I cannot quite yet. We will suffer this subject to drop between us forever, if you please, and now I must turn from sentimental suffering to the prosaic realities of life. My aunt always requires food when she awakes after one of her attacks, and I must see that Nora has something for her that will please her palate. Pray excuse me while I go out and order luncheon."

After a brief absence, Inez returned, followed by a neat looking Irish girl, who quietly and deftly set out a small table, threw over it a damask cloth, and placed on it a tempting repast, ready for the sleeper when she should awake.

Her preparations were scarcely completed when Mrs. Hawks yawned, opened her eyes, and staring around her in an amazed way, asked:

"Where am I? What has happened to me? Have I been ill again? Oh! I remember now. Where is my darling Bijjer, and what has become of the spotted monster that attacked him?"

Inez hastened to reply:

"I have had Don Bobtail shut up, aunt, and I'm glad to see you quite well again. You have been taking a nice siesta, and I have your lunch with hot tea ready for you. Nora shall bring it in at once."

Mrs. Hawks sat up and looked around her. She seemed pleased with the thoughtful attention of her niece, and said:

"Thank you, my dear. I am very hungry, and you seem to have something nice there. But what has become of your father? I hope that I have not driven him from his own room."

"Oh, he is often wheeled into the hall at this warm season, and Dick removed his chair there after you fell asleep."

"Won't he come in and join us now? I believe we had a row as is usual when we meet, but I have forgotten all about it, and I shall be on my good behavior till I go away."

"He has fallen asleep, aunt, and I would prefer not 'waking him. He has his meals served whenever he feels like eating."

"There—a nice time you and Nora must have, I declare. But it's none of my business, —and I understand very well why you can't wake him up. It's the old story, I suppose."

Inez looked distressed, and, struck by the pale sadness of her face, Mrs. Hawks suddenly asked:

"What's the matter with you, child? Haven't you been crying your heart out since I went to sleep? Your eyes look very suspicious."

"Why should I cry, Aunt Eunice?" she lightly asked. "Come—I will draw the table nearer to the sofa; and if you will not sit up, you and Miss Gordon can take your lunch together. Nora will be back with the tea directly."

The old lady's attention was diverted to the delicacies on the table, for Inez had taken care to provide such things as she knew her aunt particularly liked. Nora made a diversion in her favor by bringing in the fragrant tea, and the three drew up to the little feast.

Nina waited on Mrs. Hawks, and then partook of the repast herself; but all that Inez attempted was to swallow a small portion of the steaming liquid, every drop of which seemed as if it would strangle her.

Mrs. Hawks did not remark her want of appetite, for she was too busy ministering to her own wants and selecting tempting titbits for her dog.

Orders were dispatched to Dick to have the carriage in readiness in half an hour, and when the sound of the wheels was heard they all arose, and the visitors prepared to leave.

As she went out, Mrs. Hawks said:

"I do not know that I shall come back here at all, Inez. After what passed between your father and myself to-day, I think I had better stay away from the Glades. We can't meet without quarreling, so we had better not meet at all. You can come to me every day, and thus the peace will be kept. Good-bye, my dear. Tell old Opium that I left my sincere hope that he will reform his habits and let the drug that is killing him alone. Look at him now as he lies there in that cadaverous sleep. I declare it is frightful to think of a man bringing himself to such a pass as that."

Inez hurriedly said:

"Don't aunt; if you love me, pray avoid commenting on my poor father's weakness. Spare him for my sake!"

"Well, since you ask it in such a deplorable tone, I'll do as you wish; but if he'd spare himself, it would be more to the purpose."

Carrying her darling Bijou in her arms, Mrs. Hawks was at length got safely in her carriage and driven away.

At the last moment of parting, Nina spoke in low tones to Miss Lopez:

"Forgive the wound I have inflicted on you to-day, and believe that it was not willingly done. Dear Inez, the great wrong committed against us both should make us friends."

To this Inez made no reply—she only bent her head and made a feeble attempt to smile on the false one who so eagerly desired to win her confidence.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT..]

Hints About Health.

The chief cause of most of the diseases to which the human body is subject, is a superabundant acid in the stomach; and that superabundant acid is occasioned by overloading the stomach with food or drink. For the stomach can digest only a certain portion of food in a given time, namely, that which is in contact with its sides—all the rest must wait its turn; consequently, if the stomach be overloaded, the superabundant food will ferment and generate an acid, and the portion of food thus fermented and converted into acid, when it comes, in its turn, to be spread over the sides of the stomach, for the purpose of being converted into chyle, frets and irritates the stomach by the acid and corrosive qualities, and very often produces inflammation, more or less violent, which is indicated either by heart-burn, eructation, stomach-ache, or other distressing sensations. Nor is this the whole of the injury. If the effects of the acid be not arrested, all the organs which sympathize with the stomach partake of the distress, in proportion to their previous constitutional strength or debility.

◆

Co-operation of the Wife.—There is much good sense and truth in the remark that no man ever prospered in the world without the co-operation of his wife. If she unites in mutual endeavors, or rewards his labor with an endearing smile, with what confidence will he resort to his merchandise or his farm, fly over lands, sail upon the seas, meet difficulty or encounter danger, if he knows he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labor will be rewarded by the sweets of home!

◆

Family Treasures.—The most worthless of all family treasures are indolent females. If a wife knows nothing of domestic duties beyond the parlor or the boudoir, she is not a helpmeet for man, but an incumbrance upon his exertions.

COMING!

BY DR. CHARLES D. GARDETTE.

The hillsides quiver with the sheen
Of sunlight on their first faint green,
And o'er the forest, far and dim,
A purple twilight seems to swim.

The turf grows soft beneath the tread,
And from the blue cope overhead
The shadow of the song-bird's wing
Gives passing token of the Spring.

The Earth puts off her sad attire,
And, warming with renewed desire,
Her bright metempsychosis makes,
Clear mirrored by her streams and lakes.

Now do the violet clusters peep
Round tree-boles where the fern is deep,
While the pale jonquil rears his crest
Right boldly from the mead's broad breast.

Now smile the streams and laugh the rills;
The air a pungent fragrance fills:
The young bee quests the budding flower,
And hope and gladness rule the hour.

Is it not meet that Man should share
This genial interreign of care,
And give his fairest heart-flowers room
To bloom amid this vernal bloom?

Let Love grow golden as the rays
That glorify these halcyon days!
Let Faith and Charity expand
The gentle heart, the generous hand—

As spreads the heaven's impartial vault—
To save, to succor, to exalt,
Till all the lifted Land shall ring
With anthems to this blessed Spring!

* * *

SCRAPS OF ADVENTURE.

FROM AN OLD SAILOR'S LOG-BOOK.

No. VIII.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

A CHASE IN THE DARK!

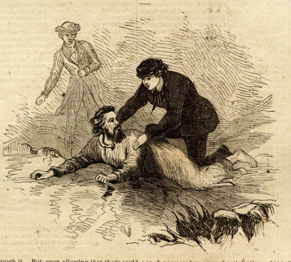
After leaving the southern tropic we had, for a time, light, variable winds, under which we made but little headway; and I began to imagine that the Cape of Good Hope could not be such a "Cape of Storms" after all; and I expressed as much to some of my shipmates; but they advised me to wait until we got down a little further. And I did not have to wait a great while. It will be understood that the summer months in the latitude of the Cape are from September to April, so that we were approaching the coast during the rainy season. From June to August strong westerly winds prevail, and when those hit us we shortened sail, and bowled along with them spanking upon her quarter. We reached Cape Town on the tenth of August. It was fortunately a clear morning when we came in sight of the cape, and I enjoyed the scene much. Table Mountain, with its curious flat top lifting itself three thousand five hundred and ninety feet above the level of the sea, was a sight I had long been anxious to behold, and I now beheld it in all its glory. It's "table-cloth,"* was spread, looking like a layer of soft, fleecy down upon the broad table, and when we got so near that we could see the white-washed houses of the town the scene was to me of rare interest. We dropped anchor in the harbor for the purpose of obtaining provisions, as we had spared ourselves short in replenishing the lockers of the slaver. The harbor was spacious enough; but under the prevalence of the strong westerly winds we found it necessary to keep a good anchorage, and look well to our ground-tackle.

I had an adventure while in Cape Town that is worth recording. One afternoon I went on shore with Mr. Sanborn, our second mate, the captain having given us permission to remain in the evening if we found anything worth remaining for. We went out to the great vineyard towards Table Mountain; but a cold, drizzling rain set in, and we made our way back to the town, intending to take a shore-boat and go aboard as soon as we had eaten our supper. At the coffee-house where we called for our meal—a very respectable place, kept by an Englishman, we fell in with a couple of English sailors, who informed us that there was to be a sort of a theatrical entertainment that evening in a hall adjoining the very place where we were eating.

Now anything in the shape of an entertainment, where there is to be music and dancing, has a charm for the sailor who has been two or three months confined within the narrow limits of shipboard, and Sanborn and I at once resolved that we would stay on shore and attend. We found our English seamen to be two genial, jolly fellows, and as the rain was still falling without, we remained in the café, where we spent the time very pleasantly in telling stories over our pipes. One of our new friends was a capital hand at story-telling, and he gave us some of his own adventures in fine style. His name was Thockton, and he had been on board a British man-of-war upon our coast during the Revolutionary struggle; but the memory of the old enmity did not come up to trouble us now. He freely acknowledged that our cause had been just, and he declared that he was glad when the war was over, and our country had gained the Independence for which she had been fighting. The old fellow told us one story of his experience during the war which was about as good as anything I had ever heard; and I should certainly have been willing to forego the exhibition if he would only have kept on with his stories; but he took a different view of the matter, and at seven o'clock we went to the hall, where we found quite a respectable audience already assembled,—respectable as to numbers, I mean; for I should hardly feel authorized in using the term for any other application. We had been assured by our friends that there would not be a crowd on such an evening, so we had not hurried; and very shortly after we entered the curtain went up, disclosing a stage very much like the stages they have in small theatres; but in place of painted scenery there were only curtains of different colored cloth hung up.

The performances were very good. There was singing, and dancing, and two short, comical plays; but what pleased me the most were some extraordinary feats of juggling, performed by a company of Hindoos—four of them. They did things which more than astonished me. I remember one of their feats, which has always been a source of marvel to me,—and it was nothing more nor less than this: One of their number—a small boy—was placed upon a common piece of sail-cloth. The cloth had been passed around among the audience, that they might see that there was no rent or seam in it; and when it was handed back it was spread upon the stage, as nearly in the centre as possible, and the boy took his place upon it in a sitting position. Then one of the men took a basket, made of thin strips of bamboo, and dropped it over the boy. There could have been no deception thus far, because I saw it all very plainly. The man who had thus covered up the boy stepped back, and another came forward with a long sharp spear in his hands, and this he plunged directly down through the centre of the bottom of the basket—plunged it down until the point struck the floor,—and from the basket came forth a cry that made my heart leap and quiver with agony. The man plunged his spear through and through the basket, piercing it at every part, and the cries of the boy grew fainter and fainter, until at length they ceased entirely. Part of the spectators were upon their feet, and I was among the number; and just as there seemed to be a disposition on the part of the horrified people to rush upon the stage, the man with the spear kicked the basket over, and—*there was nothing under it!* The inside of the basket was presented to the audience, but the boy was nowhere to be seen. The cloth was entirely whole, save where the point of the spear had punctured it, and we could see that the floor of the stage was firm in that place. When the audience had become seated again, the man laid down his spear and rolled up the cloth and threw it into the basket, which had remained standing near the front of the stage; and then, with a bow, as though that was the end of the trick, he essayed to pick up the basket for the purpose of leaving, when—lo and behold!—the basket tipped over towards us; the roll of cloth tumbled out with an animated movement, and the boy crawled out from its folds alive and unharmed!

That was long years ago, and I suppose I have had that scene in my mind many thousand times, and I know that I have spent hours upon hours in trying to solve the mystery—in trying to conjure up some possible way in which that trick could have been performed; but I have never been able to do it. The basket was a slight affair, just large enough to cover the boy completely, and it had not been in its place five seconds when the spear was thrust down through it. But, even allowing that there could have been deception about the thrusting of the spear, where was the boy when the basket was kicked over? But then there could have been no deception about the spear, as the punctures in the sail-cloth clearly demonstrated. I have seen Hindoo jugglers since that time, and more than once have I found myself actually wondering if it could be possible that they possessed superhuman powers.



When I had jumped to my feet, with others of the audience, I had moved down towards the stage, and, in my eagerness, had reseated myself at some distance from my companions without noticing it. When the curtain went down, however, I discovered my change of latitude, and had arisen to move back, when Mr. Sanborn came and touched me upon the arm.

"Beck," said he, "Mr. Drake is outside, and wants to see me. If anything should happen that I don't get back before the show is over, you will find me at the boat. You know where we land?"

I told him that I knew the place very well, and could find it without difficulty; but, if he wished it, I would go with him then.

No,—he did not wish any such thing. He wished me to stop and see it out; and perhaps he should come back.

So I resumed my seat by the side of Jack Thockton, whom I had come to like about as well as any man I ever saw. The performances lasted half an hour longer, and when the curtain went down for the last time, Sanborn had not returned; so I went out with my English friends, and at their request I went into the café, where they were stopping while on shore, and helped them drink a pot of beer. Jack asked me if he should not go down to the landing with me, but I told him no. It was still raining, and I would not have him expose himself on my account. And I furthermore suggested that I should make such haste through the rain that we couldn't talk on the way. Of course there could be no danger.

"O, no," said Jack, with a laugh, "there can be no danger unless you should happen to fall in with some of those Amakosa Kaffirs. They're ugly just about now, and will rob an Englishman if they can get a chance."

We laughed at the idea of a Kaffir's waylaying me, and having buttoned up my pea-jacket, I bade my companions good-night, and set forth. It was very dark; the streets were muddy and drear; and one of my first thoughts, as I found myself alone, was, that a well-loaded pistol would be a pleasant companion; but I had nothing of the kind with me, and I laughed at myself for having thought of such a thing. The distance from the café to the dock where our boat landed, was half a mile, or more, and though the whole district was settled, yet all was dark and gloomy, for only here and there was there a light burning, and even that tended only to show how thick the darkness was. I had gone, perhaps, a quarter of the distance—not more than that—when, as I was passing a low building at the dingy window of which a lamp was burning, a man leaped out into the street before me. He was a tall, powerful-looking fellow, with only some sort of an apology for a shirt, to cover his nakedness, and in his hand he held an upraised knife. His face was dark—almost black, and that he was a Kaffir I had no doubt. He saluted me with a fierce grunt, and made towards me, but I did not stop for a protracted interview. What I have described I observed in a very brief space of time, and then, with all the speed I could command, I started to run. I had no thought of where I put my feet; I only took the middle of the street, and sped on, for if the fellow overtook me it would probably be my last appearance upon this lower stage of life. When I leaped away from him he uttered a yell of rage, or a war-cry, and dashed after me. He was bare-footed, but I could hear the plash of his feet in the mud and water, and I found that I did not increase my distance from him. He had started not more than six yards behind me, if so much as that, and as he pursued me he ever and anon gave vent to that savage yell, as though commanding me to stop.

On I fled, bending all my energies to the work, feeling that it was a matter of life or death with me, and expecting every moment to feel the sharp blade of the fiend's knife in my back. A short distance ahead was a turn in the street, and upon the right-hand corner I saw a light. The thought of stopping and trying the door where that light was burning flashed upon my mind, but I could not entertain it. If I stopped and met with a momentary resistance even, it might be fatal to me. The dock was not far away now, and if I could reach that I might be safe. At the corner, feeling that I had gained a little, I cast my eyes behind me. My pursuer was very near to me—his torn and dingy shirt, dank with the rain, clinging to his tall, gaunt frame; his wet hair flapping over his eyes; his bare legs covered with mud; and the long, gleaming knife, swinging to and fro as he ran. He was a horrible sight to look upon as the struggling rays of the light from that grimy window fell upon him, and it was one that lent new speed to my steps as I now struck into the street that led straight down to the landing where our boat would be lying if she had come off. Upon my left hand were lone, dark buildings, but without a light visible the whole length; while to the right was a canal of the old Dutch stamp, by which barges and gondolas could go far up into the town.

I felt a strong, throbbing terror as I fled before that naked man with his gleaming knife, but I was not moved by anything like a coward's fear. I ran because I conceived that to be my cheapest and most ready means of escape, but I was prepared to resist to the uttermost should he overtake me. The only weapon I possessed was my sheath-knife, and this I held in my hand as I ran, being determined to use it freely if I had occasion and opportunity.

"*Ayah-ah-ah-whoof!*" yelled my pursuer, in tones more like the roaring of a bull than like anything else I had ever heard. It was a horrible sound, and he kept it going till my ears fairly ached with it.

Ah! I could see the pier-heads and the masts of the boats that lay at the landing, and I could hear the hum of human voices. I had put forth one last effort to increase my speed, when my ears were saluted with a quick, sharp cry, followed by a shock and a heavy splash. Feeling sure that my pursuer had fallen, I slackened my speed and turned my head; and I could just perceive the fellow sprawling in the mud. Upon making this discovery I stopped and took a more careful look, for I had now nothing to fear. The landing was not more than a dozen rods distant, and I could hear my shipmates' voices. The voice of Jo. Long I could distinguish in particular. I took a step towards the prostrate man, and could see that he was trying to get upon his hands and knees.

"BECK! BECK! *For God's sake, Beck, don't leave me!*"

The words came to me upon the wet chill air, and they were significant of the deepest distress. I saw the man who had pursued me struggle again to get upon his knees, and as he fell over upon his side powerless, other words came to me:

"BECK! BECK! *Where are you? Don't run away from me.*"

The truth flashed upon me. I now knew why Mr. Sanborn had left the entertainment, and why he would not have me accompany him. As quickly as possible I hurried to the side of the fallen man and bent over him.

"Mr. Drake, is this you?"

He looked up into my face, and put forth his hand.

"Beck, I didn't mean to hurt ye. I was wild when I started after ye. I'd been beaten, and I didn't know what I was about. Can't ye help me up?"

I helped him to his feet and led him down to the landing where I found our boat in charge of our boatswain, and we had just got our first mate on board when Mr. Sanborn came down the pier.

"Hold on, boys!" he cried, "I want some of you to go up town with me. Mr. Drake's in trouble, and I can't——"

I interrupted Sanborn by informing him that we had the man safely on board, whereat he leaped for joy, and was quickly in his seat at the turn of the boat. On our way to the ship I told Sanborn my story; and in return he told me his. The host of the café where we had eaten supper had come to him in the hall and informed him that a man professing to be chief mate of the American ship *Naumkeag* had been robbed and severely beaten.

"I knew, of course," pursued Sanborn, "that poor Drake had been at his old trick again, and I didn't care that you should see him if I could help it. So I went down with the host; but when we reached the café the man had gone. The girl who had charge said he was wild and crazy; that he had snatched a large meat-knife from one of the tables, and started out, swearing that he would have revenge upon those who had robbed him. I hurried off with the host, and hunted high and low. I heard of the poor fellow two or three times, but could not get upon his track. It's too bad. But I hope he isn't much hurt."

When we got on board the ship, and had conveyed Mr. Drake to the cabin, he presented a most pitiable sight. No wonder I had thought him a Kaffir. His face and breast and arms were covered with blood and dirt, and the only item of clothing he had on was his under-shirt. But when we had washed him, we found him not seriously injured. Most of the blood had come from his nose, though he had a bad cut on the side of the head. The next morning, however, he was able to get up and eat his breakfast, though it was several days before he came on deck. In fact, he kept the cabin until we were ready to sail.

On the second day after the adventure Mr. Drake spoke with me upon the matter. He said that when he saw me on that rainy night he knew me, and his desire was to seek my protection and guidance; but he was wild, and his head all confusion, and he yelled after me in that beastly fashion because he could not speak. It was all like a horrible dream to him, and he could only remember that he had pursued me with a frantic instinct, feeling that I could get him on board the ship. He could give no account of how he got robbed. He knew that he had drank himself drunk, and in that condition he had probably wandered off among the land-pirates that infest every considerable sea-port.

To me the circumstance had afforded rather an exciting adventure; and it had given to me a good lesson. I saw why one of the best sailors and most accomplished navigators that ever trod a deck could not be trusted with a ship; and I saw reason why I should beware how I contracted an appetite for strong drinks.

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* The mass of white cloud which often rests upon the top of the mountain is called by old sailors "*the Table-cloth.*"

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SPRING IN THE CITY.

There are those who like to begin the day vociferously; with demonstrative step and voice; with hurry and rush. I confess to a love of the serene soft-stepping way in which Nature heralds in the day. Soft skies, softer music; the gradual rolling up of night's mantle, and the genial warmth which steals imperceptibly about us. Oh, that sweet, quiet, devotional coming in of the new-born day! How I long for it, as the blades of grass begin to grow green, between the pavement-stones of the crazy city. How I tire of its quips and pranks and circus-clown-tumblings. How stale grow its jests. How I pant for freedom outside its artificial heated walls. How disgusting is the road woman must travel to secure all this happiness. Woollens and furs to be put safely out of reach of moths. House cleaning and carpet shaking to be done. Dresses to be bought, and horror! worse than all, to be fitted. Trunks to be packed—writing to be done, weeks ahead. My brain spins to think what a purgatory one must travel through, to reach that serene heaven, the bird-peeping-morning-hour of the country; when nobody comes to me with horrible questions about meat and butter. When, as soon as my shoes and stockings are on, and before the dew is off, or the lovely mist done creeping off the mountains, Nature's cool hand is laid on my temples, and I give *her* the best of me. With my head on her bosom, I forget all that is askew in life, and rest there contented with the present; like the babe who dreams not that its mother will presently loose its hand from her neck, and disappear while yet the trance continues.

If I am sentimental forgive me; but sometimes I howl to think how much of life goes to consideration about victuals and clothes. Now, while I sojourned in a tent down on the James river, during the war, I used to lie in my cot, and consider these things among others. There was just the cot, a rough pine table, and my trunk, for furniture. I had only to wash my face and hands in the tin basin of water that Sambo slipped under the tent every morning, and all those bothering, small considerations were disposed of for the day.

There was no carpet there to be swept—there were no pictures or china to look after. Sambo made my bed, while I went into another tent to breakfast; and the fighting was going on outside, which was to leave it optional with Sambo about handing tin-basins of water to white folks. All that suited me. Life under these circumstances seemed to have something in it. I felt dignified to be alive, and thanked my father and mother for it.

We have finished the war since then. I am not sorry for that, but life in that tent has spoiled me for parlor fripperies. That's the worst of it. I keep all the time asking every body if they don't think we should be a great deal happier, without all these artificial wants, that so wear our spirits and souls out. 'Bless you, they all say, yes; but they keep going on all the same, and I suppose I shall.

FANNY FERN.

* * *

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ORATRIX.—This correspondent says that from a child she has had a "burning desire" to be a public speaker; that we need not imagine the wish is a fleeting one, for it comes from the bottom of her heart and has been present in her thoughts for years; that she has a good voice and knows what it is to face an audience, and does not wish to be reasoned out of her notions on the subject. All these things being so, we think she ought to try her oratorical powers on some audience, say on her own family to begin with, and "see how things would go." If she prefers to begin with a lecture, she might try the curtain pattern to start with, as the risk would be light and the expense next to nothing. Or if she can get a chance at some lyceum or association, let her improve that, and do the best she can. There is no telling what the result might be: we should hope it would be agreeable and auspicious to our correspondent in any event, although we should never think of advising a lady friend of ours to enter upon that line of business.

DISCONSOLATE.—The catalogue of offences committed by "the young lady in love," in her social intercourse with her lover, as set down by you, is something rather frightful. We suspect that you are in love with the same young man, and that your pen moved under the impulsion of jealousy when you wrote out the indictment of your rival. As to the conduct of girls in love, it would be a capital thing if they would all take advice of their mothers, and never do anything contrary to the maternal admonitions. The French plan of never allowing lovers to be without the dignifying company of their elders has some good features in it. It forever bars the least approach to that familiarity which breeds contempt, or that vulgar buffoonery in conduct which too often rubs the bloom off the modesty of youth, and sometimes smirches even the reputation of virtue itself.

ANXIOUS.—You either do not know what you are about, or else you have no just notion of the meaning of words. You say that you have "written *proofs*" of the girl's *devotion* to you "from her own hand;" and in the next sentence you state that your rival also has "written proofs" of her *devotion* to him from her own hand. It strikes us that your letters and his together constitute "written proofs" of her treachery to both, and her "devotion" to neither of you. You ought to be ashamed to talk about being ready to lay down your life for such a deceitful creature, and about "her pure and holy love's" being *stolen* away from you. She evidently never had such love for either you or your rival.

S. S.—A foreigner who, on coming to this country, assumed the name of a friend and took out his naturalization papers in the assumed name, need not fear any molestation on that account; but he has reason to fear that, at some time or other, when proofs as to identity might be required to establish rights of property, such assumption of another's name may work much ill to him, or to his wife or children. This you can rely upon: any departure from the right (and, of course, it is not right to assume another's name) is always certain to entail a penalty.

MICHIGAN.—Whether a lady should take a gentleman's arm or not, when walking with him in the day-time, would depend upon various circumstances. If she were his wife, sweetheart, sister, or daughter, she might take his arm under such circumstances with perfect propriety. If she were a mere acquaintance, she should not take his arm in the day-time, except it were necessary for her protection in a crowd.

RADICAL, (Janesville, Wis).—Your opinion is founded on a mis-quoted passage of Scripture. Our answer was correct as to the rightfulness of a woman to marry again who has obtained a divorce for reasons alleged by the Saviour to be sufficient. By reading that portion of the Sermon on the Mount (in the fifth chapter of Matthew) relating to the subject, you will discover that your supposition was erroneous.

HOOSIER.—The assertion which your friend made that no one ever dreamt of anything which he had not been thinking of at some previous time, can not be borne out by experience. You say you *know* that you have often dreamt of things which you had never before thought of: that being the case, why do you spend your breath in arguing on the subject?

T. C.—The mystery of the murder of Mary Rogers, in this city, many years ago, was never cleared up, nor any clue found to her murderer.

SCALDIC.—The discovery of America by the Northmen prior to the advent of Columbus, has by no means yet become so well settled as to be considered "indisputable." The belief in such a discovery is constantly gaining ground, however; and such strong proofs of it have been of late years discovered among the Sagas (or family histories) of Iceland, and even among the manuscripts of the Vatican at Rome, as have overcome the incredulity of some of the most tenacious opposers of the theory. It is now claimed that those bold explorers found and colonized Greenland, and then sailing southerly and south-easterly, discovered New Foundland, Nova Scotia, Labrador, Canada, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island. Such discoveries, if really made, detract nothing from the glory of Columbus. His cast and powers of mind were such as enabled him, from such data as he possessed, to *reason out*, philosophically, the existence of a continent *then* unknown to the civilized world.

W. J. R.—Your friend was not cheated by the broker who charged him $33.50 for $25 in gold when the latter was at 34 per cent. premium. That was just the right sum for him to pay for it. To find how much you should pay for any given amount of gold, you should multiply the currency value of one dollar of it by the whole amount of gold. Thus, when one dollar in gold is worth $1.34 in currency, $25 in gold would be worth twenty-five times $1.34, which is $33.50. It of course makes no difference in the result whether you multiply $1.34 by 25, or 25 by $1.34. When you want to find how much gold you ought to get for a certain amount in greenbacks, you divide the latter by the price of one dollar in gold. If you can't remember these rules, nor the principles on which they are founded, you should cut out this answer and paste it up where you can refer to it in time of need.

GALILEO, (Utica).—Your letter on the picket-fence question is too long, and your diagrams showing that the fence over the hill would require more pickets than the fence in the tunnel through the hill are too extensive, for publication. On your theory, you are right; but the advocates of the other side of the question can also draw diagrams to show that they too are right. The question is simply one of fact. If you build your fences on such a plan that the one over the hill takes the most pickets, that of course settles the matter in your mind; and if your neighbor builds *his* fence over the hill with the pickets at such an angle that it takes no more than the one through the hill requires, why that settles the question in his mind. There is no use in getting vexed about such a trifle.

CLERK.—Inasmuch as your father *owns* the store in which you have a situation as clerk, we see no reason why he shouldn't make such rules and regulations for the government of the establishment as he pleases. You ought to be thankful to him for treating you as liberally as he does, instead of carping at the strictness of his business rules. Besides, *you*, above all persons, should set an example of cheerful obedience to your father's wishes, for his other clerks to follow. Your refractory conduct must have a pernicious effect upon them, and if persisted in will be apt to do your father harm. No wonder that he feels aggrieved at your conduct. He might well exclaim, with King Lear:

> ——"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
> To have a thankless child."

SPECTACLES.—Your friend is right in defending the use of the word "peoples" by newspaper writers and public speakers, in such a phrase as "a war in Europe would, if prolonged, at last involve nearly all the *peoples* of the continent, if not in its prosecution, at least in its consequences." The word "peoples," in such a case, is synonymous with *nations*. The use of the word in that manner was first introduced and popularized in England and in this country by Kossuth. At first, people used to laugh at "peoples" and at the great Hungarian orator for using the word; but it was soon seen that it was in fact quite a handy word to have in the language, and so it has come into pretty general use.

OLD BOY.—An "old boy" ought to have his temper under better control than yours seems to be. Your sister's children, (why do you not refer to them as *your* nephews and nieces?) have a better right to "all the comforts of a home" in their own mother's house than you have. To a child, "all the comforts of a home" means unlimited opportunities to play, lumps of sugar when it wants them, extra bread and butter between meals, the right to play ball in the parlor and marbles in the front hall, and also the privilege of overhauling any of its uncle's traps that it may have the good fortune to discover in its "prospectings" around his room.

A. R. H.—If your visits are ostensibly to both of the sisters, you could not properly invite one of them to accompany you to a [illegible] without inviting them both. But if it is understood that your [illegible] are made to one of them, and not at all to the other, then you could properly invite the one whom you go to see without saying anything to her sister about it. Such a case requires tact and discretion more than a knowledge of formal rules in its management, although it is always a good plan to be familiar with the rules.

WIDOW, (Ohio).—A man does not have to get his will recorded before his death in order to make it legal and valid. If your husband made a will giving you all his property, and that will can be found, you can apply to the Surrogate or Probate judge of your county to have it proved and recorded, and he will see that justice is done. Your children will, of course, have a legal right to oppose you, and to try to get a share of the property; but the litigation, if there should be any, ought to be carried on with decency, and without any spirit of revenge.

WILD WEST.—If your parents wish you to accept the attentions of a certain man, with a view to marriage, while you love another person, you should tell them the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, just as you have narrated it to us. A girl's parents should be her most trusted counsellors. Perhaps if your father and mother knew the exact state of the case they would sympathize with you, or at least cease to urge you to do that which is so abhorrent to your feelings.

JUVENTUS.—If a person who was walking with three companions should take three cigars from his pocket, light one himself, and hand the others to two of his comrades without taking any notice of the third, the latter would certainly have good grounds for supposing that a slight was intended to be put upon him. Whether he should resent such a thing and break off his acquaintance with the offender, are questions, however, which he must decide for himself.

G. S.—If you do not adopt the rule of always giving a noun which is singular in form, a verb in the singular number, even though it be a noun of multitude, you will often be puzzled what course to take. Yo would not say, "the army *are* concentrating befor Richmond" although the concentration of an arm "implies a plurality of persons coming together," an it also implies the coming together of a plurality o regiments, brigades, divisions and corps.

MIDDY.—No; no candidate for admission to th United States Naval or Military Academy, has to be graduate of any high school. All that is required o the candidate, in a scholastic way, is that he shall b able to read well, write a good hand, and have thorough knowledge of the fundamental rules arithmetic.

E. W. T.—Show your elderly relatives all possib respect and kindness, no matter how unlettered an awkward they may be. Nothing is more grac than considerate kindness on the part of the youn and accomplished towards the aged and unsophis cated.

F. M. N.—As you say you are married to "a ma of high respectability and standing," you should co sult him about your "irrepressible passion for t theatrical boards," and follow his advice on the su ject.

M. M. C.—By stepping into a telegraph office, the operator is unemployed, you could doubtless him to show you the alphabet which he uses. Th phonographic alphabet is altogether a different a fair.

***Several letters stand over to be answered in our ne*

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